

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



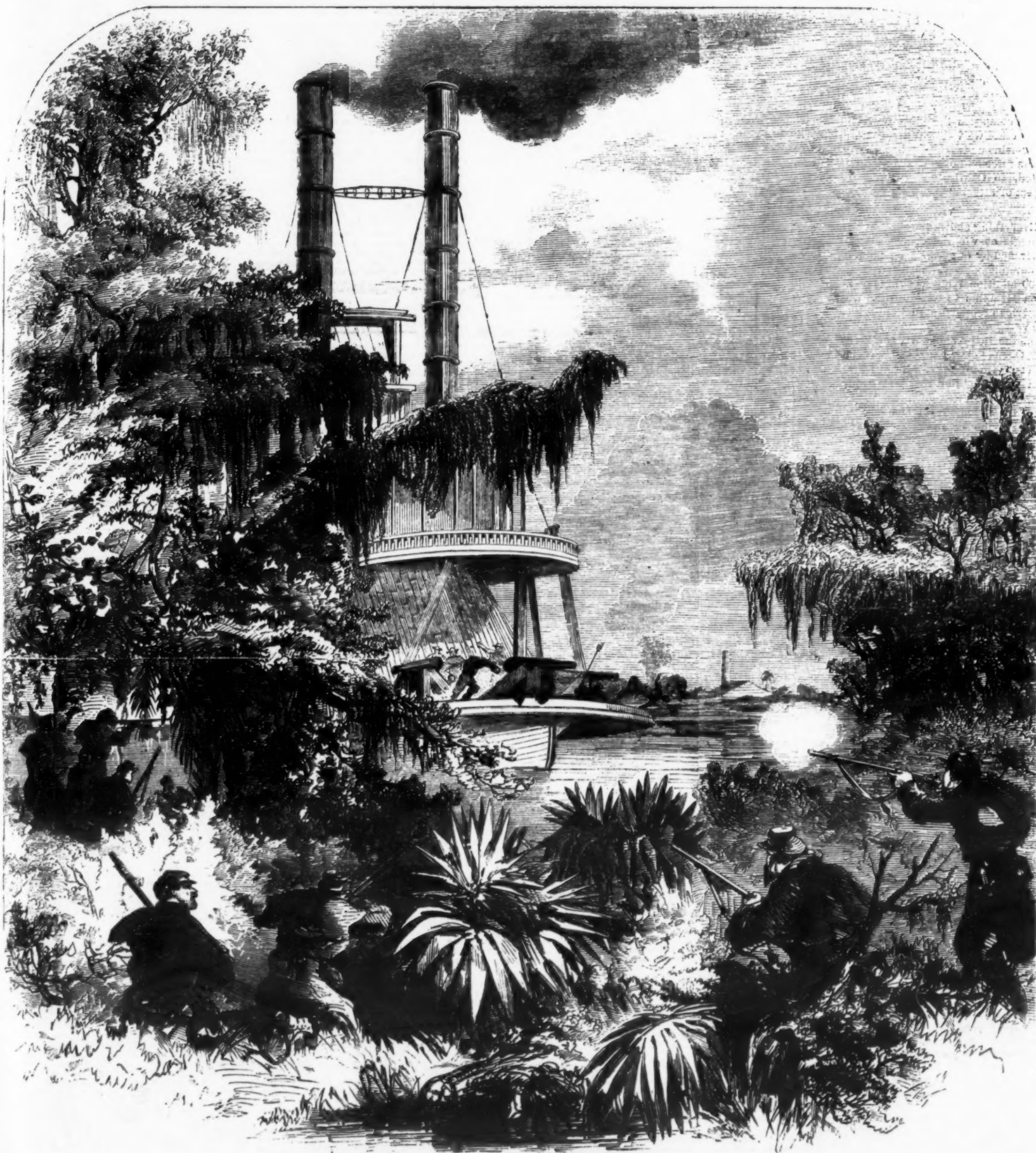
## NEWSPAPER

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THE WAR IN LOUISIANA—SHARPSHOOTERS OF THE 76TH NEW YORK VOL. PICKING OFF THE GUNNERS ON THE REBEL GUNBOAT J. A. COTTON, IN THE ACTION AT BATON ROUGE, JANUARY 14.  
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 388.



# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE.....PROPRIETOR.  
E. G. SQUIER.....EDITOR.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 21, 1863.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 19 City Hall Square, New York.

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## General Summary.

### THE NORTH CAROLINA EXPEDITION.

The great North Carolina Expedition under Gen. Foster may be heard of by our readers before these lines fall under their eyes. It is publicly given out that its first destination is Wilmington, and that Charleston and Savannah will next receive its attentions. A private letter from Beaufort says, that on the 26th of January, "the whole National fleet, except one gunboat, had left there for Port Royal. There were collected at Beaufort, at the above date, some 60 large army steam transports, having on board almost 70,000 soldiers. There were also in the harbor 150 schooners loaded with artillery, ammunition, etc., which, together with the transports, would leave for Port Royal to join the naval fleet as soon as they could get ready. The whole composes the most powerful expedition of the war. What its destination will be remains undeveloped, but the magnitude of the force and preparations point, it is supposed, to Charleston or Savannah as the object of attack."

### VICKSBURG.

Everything shows the approach of a deadly struggle at Vicksburg, which will soon be envied by our troops on land, as well as by our gunboats. The canal is progressing, 1,000 additional negroes having been sent from Memphis to expedite the work. The batteries erected by the rebels on the bluff are very powerful, although, if we may judge from the little damage done to the Union ram Queen of the West, they are not well served. On Monday, February 2, the Union ram Queen of the West, Com. Sutherland, steamed past Vicksburg, running the gauntlet of over 100 heavy siege guns, as well as a rebel gunboat. In the course of the action, which lasted nearly an hour, the rebel gunboat was seriously crippled, while the Queen of the West was little injured. She was, of course, unable to do any damage to the batteries on the bluff, on account of their elevation.

### FORT DONELSON.

The Confederates made on the 5th of Feb. an attempt to recapture this important stronghold on the Cumberland River, which has become a vital point, since great part of the supplies for Gen. Rosecrans' army have to pass it. Despite its value, it seems that it was garrisoned by a force of only 800 men, under the command of Cols. Harding and Lowe. The Confederates, duly informed of this, sent a force of about 4,000 men under the command of Gen. Wheeler, who had under him Cols. Forrest, Wheaton and Woodward, all men of tried daring and desperate rebels. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon they made their first charge, which was gallantly repulsed. After three more equally unsuccessful attempts, the Confederates retreated towards Charlotte, a small place about 30 miles to the south of Fort Donelson, and 40 miles to the west of Nashville. Gen. Rosecrans, in his dispatch to Gen. Halleck, says, the Union loss was only 12 killed and 30 wounded, while the victorious Unionists buried 145 dead Confederates, besides taking over 100 prisoners.

### CHARLESTON.

At one o'clock in the morning of the 30th of January the two rebel rams made a dash out of Charleston harbor, and attacked the Mercedita, a light draft vessel, lying close in shore, and at the same time fired a shot which went into her boiler, killing four men. Capt. Stellwagen, of the Mercedita, sent a boat to the ram, stating that he was in a sinking condition. She subsequently escaped. The rebel ram then attacked the Keystone State, smashing her steam chest, and killing 21 men, and wounding 15. The Union gunboat Houraticus by this time had got into action, upon which the rebel rams retired into Charleston. The principal object of this sortie was the recapture of the Princess Royal, an English vessel, recently captured while running the blockade, and which contained a most valuable cargo. In this they were foiled, the prize having since arrived at Philadelphia. The two damaged Union vessels, Mer-

cedita and Keystone State, arrived on the 31st at Port Royal to repair.

### FORT M'ALLISTER.

The Union iron-clad Monitor Montauk had exchanged a few shots with Fort McAllister in Ogeechee Creek. The shots of the rebels made no impression on her armor.

## NOTES AND NOTICES.

THE Actuary of the U. S. Sanitary Commission has published a "Preliminary Report of the Mortality and Sickness in the Volunteer Forces of the United States," which contains some very curious and interesting statistics. It appears that the annual deaths in the army are at the rate of 53 in 1,000, of which 44 are from disease, against 9 killed in action or dying from wounds. In other words, six die from disease for every one killed in battle. More officers are killed in action, proportionately to their numbers, than men, the proportion being 11 to 8. More men, however, die of disease, the proportion being 22 officers to 46 privates. The deaths from disease are double in autumn what they are in summer, and double in winter what they are in autumn. The deaths from disease in the Western armies, recruited and operating in the West, are proportionately three times greater than in the armies recruited and operating in the East. The number killed in battle or dying from wounds in the Western armies is upwards four times as great as in the Eastern armies; while the number of "missing" and deserters is not half as great. In order to keep up an effective army of 500,000 men and supply the losses occasioned by death, sickness, desertion, etc., it appears that 123,000 new men must be recruited every year. This is exclusive of the number necessary to take the place of those whose terms of enlistment may expire. In such an army it must be expected that there will always be 58,000 sick men in hospital.

THE rebels in New Orleans were greatly elated at the recall of Gen. Butler, and took a new lease of courage and virulence when the new commander revoked some of the General's more stringent orders. Their unseemly manifestations have compelled Gen. Banks to revise these orders, and will probably lead to the return of Gen. Butler to his old command. The mistake of recalling him is now too obvious to admit of discussion. His philosophy of governing "pestilent fellows" was long ago embodied in the rhymes:

"Lightly touch the poisonous nettle,  
And it stings you for your pains;  
Grasp it like a man of mettle,  
And it is soft as silk remains."

SEVERAL of the best ethnologists and anthropologists in England, actuated by the feeling that ethnology has not received in that country the attention which its importance deserves, have determined to found a new society, to be entitled, "The Anthropological Society of London," in which the modern phases of ethnology and anthropology will be discussed. The promises of support which the new society is receiving appear to be certain guarantees of its success.

THE people of Central Ohio are preparing to raise a large quantity of flax the coming season. It is said the present price of flax seed will fully reimburse for the whole labor and cost of raising a crop of flax, and with a vast amount of land in the State unoccupied by any other crop, probably the people cannot in any other way better improve their time. Furthermore, the recently invented "Flax Gin" of Messrs. Mallory & Sanford, will not only enable the farmers to utilize the fibre for spinning, but also that which has hitherto been thrown aside as waste for the manufacture of paper. We observe also that Senator Anthony, of Rhode Island, has just carried through the Senate an appropriation of \$20,000 for prosecuting experiments for the increase of flax production, and for cottonizing flax or otherwise preparing it for economical manufacture. Every success in this direction makes the world less and less dependent on cotton as the basis of textile fabrics. The money is to be expended under the direction of the Agricultural Commissioner.

THE rebel losses at Murfreesboro' have been under-estimated. Rebel reports state that the loss in Gen. Hardee's division alone was 891 killed, 3,815 wounded, and 805 missing. The total rebel loss cannot fall much short of 14,000 men.

THE scheme of a "peaceful adjustment" of our existing difficulties, through a "reconstruction of the old Union," finds no favor in the South. The matter has been up in the rebel Congress, and the most moderate proposition that has been made as the basis of negotiations is that of Mr. Foote, of Tenn. He proposes an armistice, based however on "the unconditional recognition of Southern independence." The "settlement" is to be a final peace, conditioned, however, on the revocation of Lincoln's "Incendiary Proclamation," through a treaty of amity and friendship between the Northern and Southern Confederacies—the Northern Confederacy, however, must expel New England, with which no relations of any kind can ever be established. There are other conditions, equally rational and moderate, which we have not the room to enumerate. Probably these are enough to satisfy most minds, in these parts, as to the feasibility or otherwise of the scheme of "reconstruction on the old basis." If anything more were wanted, it might perhaps be found in the following extract from the Richmond Dispatch:

"We warn the Democrats and Conservatives of the North to dismiss from their minds at once the miserable delusion that the South can ever consent to enter again, upon any terms, the old Union. If the North will allow us to write the Constitution ourselves, and give us every guarantee we would ask, we would sooner be under the Government of England or France than under a Union with men who have shown that they cannot keep good faith, and are the most barbarous and inhuman, as well as treacherous of mankind."

Or, if this be not enough, let us reflect on the tone and temper of the published passage from the Atlanta (Ga.) Intelligencer of January 20:

"We are fighting this war for Southern independence and for a Government of Southern States, recognizing African slavery as an institution ordained of God, beneficial to mankind, a necessity in our social and political relations as a State, and in our intercourse with all other nations or States. Hence the admission of any free States into our Union is not only repugnant to us, but it will be only a continuance of that evil which has brought on the war, and which to get rid of we are now fighting."

"In a blaze of beauty," is a figure of speech likely soon to be realized. Tropical damsels have long imprisoned fireflies in the folds of their gauzy dresses or in the dark tresses of their hair. Not

having fireflies at command, we are to press gas into the service. Clusters of diminutive gaslights are now to spring from the elaborate tresses of beautiful matrons; the jets will issue from burners measuring a 20th of an inch per hour, within transparent shades exquisitely cut, not larger than a cherry. The tubing is to be of solid gold, connected with a reservoir of the same valuable metal, which is to lie concealed in the meshes of luxuriant hair behind the head. The pressure will be applied to the golden tank, which is supported by an elaborate backcomb, the top of which forms a row of little gaslights. Before entering the ball-room, the husband will 'turn on the gas,' light up his blushing bride, and usher her into her sphere of conquest, revolving like her prototype, the moon, among the lesser lights around.

## THE IDLER ABOUT TOWN.

WE intended to have a long gossip this week, but the fact is we have been deeply engaged with a sad friend—no less a man, in every sense of the word, than Brown, of Grace Church. We no sooner heard that the ill-fated wedding was to be held at that highly fashionable church than we felt that there was one man at least who would require consolation, and in the largeness of our heart we went in search of the obliging and popular sexton, the right hand of every really fashionable party giver, the arbiter of invitations—in short, the mirror of fashion and the pillar of form. We found him reading "Young's Night Thoughts," sitting upon "Hervey's Meditations," and in tears generally. We endeavored to comfort him; we let off several capital jokes; we read him three of our latest poetical effusions of a lively character, such as the "Burial at Sea," and the "Loss of the Monitor," but before we had got half through the latter we found his symptoms so much exaggerated that we thought it prudent to desist. We found that the self-sacrificing man did not care for himself, he only thought how the character of the church of the *crème de la crème* had been *wholly* in the balance and been found *wholly*! How could he hold up his head with honest pride again? People would be continually confounding the Museum and Grace Church—they would not know whether Miss Lavina Warren exhibited at the one or the other, or at both! Besides, if places were going change about in this way, how did he know but he, Brown himself, would be called upon, next week, to officiate at a Fifth Avenue wedding in Barnum's Museum? We saw that the grief was too deep-seated for mere word comfort—it was a case for the great physician, Time. We suggested, however, in a cheerful way, that, at all events, we should have fine music, as Morgan would play upon the organ. At this a fresh burst of grief arose. "Why," said he, "did they not engage the Museum band to play the Wedding March outside the church, and make the thing all right?"

We suddenly remembered that the great Barnum himself had told us that he had positively nothing to do with the matter, that the little people had themselves decided upon Grace Church, because they thought that its high character would give a tone, an *éclat* to the ceremony, and that the selection would please Queen Victoria, whose guest the bridegroom had frequently been. As the wind lifts the fog, as the sun dissipates the storm cloud, so did our happy suggestion disperse the gloom that shadowed the benevolent face of the large-hearted sexton, and we left him after several days of sweet intellectual intercourse in a happier frame of mind.

Our singing birds have again left us, after a week's brief season, during which both the public and the management must have been well satisfied, for the performances were excellent, and the houses were crowded to excess. Mr. Grau takes his company to Boston and other places, and we have no doubt will meet with the success his excellent management so richly merits.

Miss Bateman's superb acting in "Leah," compels the management to announce the repetition of that piece every night until further notice.

There is a splendid bill of fare every night at Wallace's Theatre. We notice with special pleasure the reproduction of the late E. G. P. Wilkins's clever comedy of "Henriette." It is a just tribute to its merits.

Mr. Edwin Booth commences a second engagement at Winter Garden this week, and has engaged some admirable actors to support him.

Mrs. John Wood, the irresistible, positively brings out the "Fair One with the Golden Locks" at Laura Keane's this week. She will be supported by our old favorite Walcott.

Barnum has got, besides Commodore Nutt and other and countless attractions, the living Hippopotamus and Sea Lion to amuse and instruct his visitors. He permits no startling novelty that will gratify his patrons to escape him.

By-the-by, we lounged into Dunham's piano warehouses, in 13th street, one morning last week, being always sure of hearing some fine playing from the eminent professors who lounge in there too. We were attracted by a beautiful speaking voice, and on approaching a group surrounding one of Dunham's beautiful little boudoir pianos we saw the wonderfully intelligent and exquisitely chiselled features of the speaker, and were still more deeply attracted. We recognized at once the composer of the fine cantata, "Hilawatha," Robert Stoeckl, and saw that he was counselling the fair speaker to conclude the purchase of the said beautiful boudoir piano. She ran her fingers over the instrument, and then said in a voice the tones of which struck us familiarly, "It is a present for my dear sister Helen." In a moment it flashed across us that the speaker was the Kate Bateman, the child of genius, whose wonderful powers had so often charmed even us to breathless listening, and who was now the leading attraction of the city. We never saw her off the stage before, and we were glad that the first time we saw her without the surroundings of the stage should be in accomplishing an act of sweet and sisterly affection. We afterwards learnt that when the piano was sent home to her sister's house that it was refused, as it had not been ordered; but a little reflection suggested the source from whence it came, and it proved, as it was intended, a rich and pleasant surprise present.

## THE EXPEDITION TO BAYOU TECHE, LOUISIANA.

WE publish to-day some highly interesting sketches from our Artist, Mr. Schell, who accompanied Gen. Weitzel in his expedition up the Bayou Teche. It will give our readers a vivid idea of the danger and difficulty of fighting in these streams, which are so narrow that the Calhoun in attempting to turn got aground both fore and stern. In our Summary last week we gave a graphic description of the affair, which, although a success, was not so great as was expected of a force numbering 10 regiments. We now accompany our illustrations with an account given by an officer of the expedition:

"You are well aware that the gunboat Cotton has been a terror to the people of the Teche country, on account of the marauding, thieving disposition and practices of the notorious Capt. Fuller and his reckless crew. This thing has been going on long enough, and Gen. Weitzel determined to 'exterminate the nuisance.'"

"The Reserve Brigade left Camp Stevens on Sunday, arrived at Pattersonville on Tuesday evening. No enemy except squads of rebel cavalry were seen, and these skedaddled upon being charged upon by Capt. Blunt's cavalry, the Captain returning one dead Captain; two wounded privates, three horses, guns, etc."

Wednesday the entire brigade moved in line of battle across the fields for the entrenchments of the enemy, just below which the Cotton was in sight. The 8th Vermont on the right and the 75th New York on the left were the support of our gunboats. When a mile below the obstructions in the Teche (which, by the way, is all that has saved the Cotton from the vengeance of our gunboats), the brave and gallant Lieutenant Commander Buchanan pushed his boat ahead of the infantry who were advancing on either side, and with more bravery and anxiety to get a nearer range of his foe than a thought for his own safety, ran within range of the sharpshooters in the rifle-pits on shore, and received a most terrible storm of leaden hail. Refusing to retire from his very much exposed position, and while with his own rifles making great havoc among the entrenched enemy, the loved leader of that naval command fell fatally wounded by a rifle ball. The 8th Vermont came immediately up, routed the enemy, killing 7, taking 41 prisoners, and about 50 guns. This was the highest point to which our gunboats could ascend. The brave line advanced steadily to within rifle shot of the Cotton, the 75th New York in advance, pouring a hot shower of balls upon her gunners, who were obliged to retreat and cover themselves by the iron plating; and as our artillery were at the same time giving her a shower of shell and shot, she made great haste for a safe anchorage up the stream.

"It being now nearly dark, the General ordered a cessation of hostilities until morning. Meanwhile the arrangements were completed for a strong attack upon their entrenchments, as the Cotton must and should be brought down."

"The night passed quietly till four o'clock, when report came that the Cotton was coming down the bayou. The General replied, 'All right, let her come!' At a quarter past four the report was she had landed at the entrenchments, and was discharging troops. Answer, 'All right; double the picket, and keep a sharp lookout.'"

"Four and a half. Fire raft is coming down. 'All right; she can do no harm.'"

"Four and three-quarters. The Cotton is on fire. 'All right. Make sure you are not deceived in the boat. If it is the Cotton, we shall be on our homeward march at daylight, and not a life shall be exposed by attacking the entrenched enemy, for the country is not worth occupying at present.'"

"And as it proved to be the Cotton, and no mistake, all hands fell in and marched to Berwick's Bay, crossed that night, and next day returned to camp having had a useful experience, accomplished all we started for, and proved the bravery of new as well as old troops, who never faltered or hesitated, but moved steadily on under a very heavy and constant artillery fire. It was reported that Capt. Fuller was killed, but it was found he still lived, with a shot in his shoulder and both arms broken, his coat of mail having saved his body from receiving several bullets which struck him."

"The rebel loss was 14 known to have been killed, many wounded, and 43 prisoners."

"Col. McWhorter, the guerrilla chief, was shot by a 75th New Yorker. Capt. Stevens, of the 'deceased' ram Arkansas, was shot dead while standing in the door of the pilot-house. The rebels lost 15 killed and 31 wounded on the Cotton. She was burned by order of Gen. Mouton."

"A torpedo placed among the obstructions exploded without damage."

## CONGRESS.

MONDAY, Feb. 2.—SENATE.—The greater part of the day was consumed in discussing Mr. Stanton's arbitrary arrests, caused by the petition of M. Johnson, who was arrested last August and discharged in September, without any cause being assigned at either time.

HOUSE.—The whole sitting was occupied by the discussion of the Negro Soldiers' bill.

TUESDAY, Feb. 3.—SENATE.—The only business of any interest was McDougal's resolution respecting the French invasion of Mexico; and a bill was introduced to stop the pay of unemployed officers (military).

HOUSE.—No business of importance.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 4.—SENATE.—After some routine business of no importance, Mr. McDougal's resolutions concerning the French in Mexico were tabled by 34 to 3.

HOUSE.—An adverse report was made on the Virginia election cases. The bill authorizing the construction of a telegraph along the Atlantic and Gulf coasts was passed 71 to 63. The bill providing for a revision and codification of the General Statutes of the United States was rejected, 56 to 42. A bill for the Construction of a Ship Canal for the passage of armed vessels from the Mississippi river to Lake Michigan, and for the enlargement of the Erie and Oswego Canals, to adapt them to the defence of the northern lakes, was reported from the Military Committee, and its consideration was postponed until Friday.

THURSDAY, Feb. 5.—SENATE.—After another discussion on arbitrary arrests, a resolution calling upon the President for information respecting re-enlistments was adopted.

HOUSE.—The Naval Appropriation bill, involving expenditures to the amount of \$68,000,000 was taken up. A proviso was added to the appropriation of \$12,000,000 for iron-clads that no contracts shall be entered into for this class of vessels until proposals have been solicited from the principal iron shipbuilders. The appropriation for the Brooklyn Navy Yard was increased, in order to afford accommodations for three vessels 428 feet in length, now building there. Without concluding action on the bill, the House adjourned.

FRIDAY, Feb. 6.—SENATE.—The Finance Committee was instructed to inquire into the expediency of repealing the duty on paper. A motion to take up the Bankrupt bill was lost—24 to 14. The resolution expelling George E. Badger from the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institute, and appointing Professor Agassiz in his place, was adopted. The Senate then adjourned after an Executive session.

HOUSE.—The Senate's amendment to the Post Office Appropriation bill, authorizing the Postmaster-General to contract for carrying the mails in steamers from San Francisco to several ports in Oregon, was concurred in. Consideration of the Illinois and New York Ship Canal bill was resumed and continued until the adjournment.

SATURDAY, Feb. 7.—SENATE.—A memorial was presented from merchants of New York, praying that legal-tender notes may be used for the payment of Custom duties. A resolution offered by Mr. Sumner, directing an inquiry into the state of the army of the Potomac, was laid over.

HOUSE.—No business of general interest.

THE admirable photographs and *cartes de visite* of Benicky have won for him so great a reputation that his rooms are constantly crowded with the solid men of the city, and the fairest of the daughters of New York. His Daguerrean rooms are *par excellence* the fashionable resort of the business part of the city. They are at the corner of Chatham street and Chambers.

MARRYING COUSINS.—Of 154 cousin-marriages, in Dublin, there were 100 deaf and dumb children. Dr. Buxton of Liverpool states that, in 100 such marriages, each family had one deaf and dumb child; 25 of them had two deaf mates; in 17 of them there were three; three had four; one had six; one had seven and one had eight deaf mates—that is, 200 children born deaf and dumb, to 100 cousin-marriages. The consanguineous marriages in France are two per cent of the whole population. Of their children 25 per cent are deaf mutes in Paris, 25 at Lyons, 30 at Bordeaux; while to the Jews, 27 per cent of the offspring of such marriages are deaf mutes, one-sixth per cent of Christian parents; Jews often marry ing blood relations.



## EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

**Domestic.**—It would seem as though we had to be thankful for small favors, since we read that advice from Constantinople, of the 18th of December, state that on the 15th of that month Mr. E. Joy Morris, the American Minister, read to Aali Pacha a dispatch from his Government at Washington, conveying the President's thanks for the prompt and energetic manner in which the Porte has followed up the pursuit and punishment of the murderers of the late Mrs. Messrs. Meriam and Coffey.

The Pennsylvania papers have a peculiar wit of their own. Let us quote from one of its leading prints the other day: "The Press has increased lately." To which another paper adds, "So has vice."

A young lady answering to the name of Harry Pittallen was lately detected—the usual excuse, she had a lover in the regiment. The Brooklyn Eagle says, with its usual point: "This was not the truth—the only the 810th part of the truth—for all must love such a noble girl."

Hon. Edwin D. Morgan has been elected to the U. S. Senate for six years from the 4th of March next, in place of Preston King.

Wendell Phillips addressed a large audience on Feb. 3, at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. Subject, "The Present Exigencies of the Country."

We have to thank Purser Dowling, of the steamer George Washington, for a parcel of New Orleans papers of a late date.

The "postal currency," or government ship-plasters are now being issued at the rate of \$100,000 per day, which is about half a cent daily for each inhabitant of the loyal States. At this rate it will take one whole year to provide each individual with \$1 75 of the currency, and it will require an issue of \$38,500,000. So that it will readily be perceived that it is impossible in this way to fill the place of small silver change in less than twelve months, as it is estimated that over \$40,000,000 of small change is necessary for the business of the country.

Two persons died of want last week in Brooklyn.

A hungry pig lately entered the cottage of a laborer in Maine and devoured the cheeks of an infant that was asleep in its cradle.

The reception of Gen. McClellan in Boston has been a perfect triumph. The Boston Transcript says: "Gen. McClellan and suite, accompanied by Mayor Lincoln, visited the Charlestown Navy Yard and were cordially received by Commodore Montgomery. The party visited the ropewalk, the machine shop, the foundry and the shiphouse, where the iron-clad Monitor is in process of construction, and the workmen enthusiastically cheered the General. Two of the mechanics showed him the frigate received in the battles of White Oak Swamp and Malvern Hill. On the subject of the Monitor the General called them 'iron coffins.'"

The Bridgeton Chronicle says: "There will be 13 editors in the next Wisconsin Legislature. We shouldn't be surprised if they were to get a bill through the body requiring every Wisconsin citizen to take a Wisconsin newspaper."

John Decker has been re-elected Chief of the Fire Department.

Gov. Curtin, of Penn., is a candidate for re-election.

The annual report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction of the State of New York states that the number of school districts is 11,763, of school-houses 11,750. The money expended in building, furnishing, hiring and repairing school-houses for the year was \$359,516 56 in the cities, and \$210,822 44 in the rural districts. The number of volumes in the district libraries is 1,336,682, and the amount expended \$32,912 92—in the cities \$6,353 82, and in the rural districts \$26,559 10. The expenditure for school apparatus was \$91,456 18—in the cities \$85,268 71, in the country districts \$5,187 40. The number of persons between the ages of four and twenty-one years is reported as follows: In 1862, in the cities, 445,826; in the rural districts, 878,907—total, 1,324,733. In 1863 it stood 323,079 in the cities, and 915,088—a total of 1,338,167. In the cities there has been a census: 892,550 are reported to have attended school during the year. The number of private schools is 1,337, with an aggregate attendance of 47,374. The pupils in colleges and academies count about 40,000. The number of teachers employed was 26,500—7,585 males, and 18,915 females. The expenditures for teachers' wages in cities \$1,220,497 26, in rural districts \$1,559,573 70—total, \$2,780,071 06.

The annual cost of the mail transportation between Washington and New York is \$93,000, of which the New Jersey Railroad Companies receive the following amounts:

New Jersey R.R. and Transportation Co.	\$13,500
Philadelphia and Trenton Company	20,250
Camden and Amboy Company	9,800
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$43,550</b>

This year is the time for the return of the 17 year locusts. They appeared last in the spring of 1846, and were very destructive to trees.

The ball at Willard's last week was one of the finest displays of Washington fashion seen for some years.

One section of the "Regulations, Orders and Decrees," recently framed for our Consular Courts in Turkey, reads thus: "No Consul shall recognize the claim of any American citizen to hold any person in slavery or bondage within the Turkish Empire."

The first-class hotels in New York have increased the price of board to \$3 a day.

Mr. Bolles has been released from Fort McHenry, having written an apologetic letter.

Major Reid Sanders, son of the famous G. N. Sanders, has been sent to Fort Lafayette.

As officer Yale was promenading West Broadway, New York, on the 3d of Feb., he was surprised at the appearance of a spectre in white; it proved to be a scabbard; he had thought it was the ghost of 27th street. The poor night-walker is now in the hospital.

An exchange instances as a proof of the hardness of the times, that the Wilmington Institute, of Delaware, hitherto supported by the mechanics of the neighborhood, has collapsed, and considerably in debt.

The Republican Farmer, Bridgeport, Conn., says that Mr. Greeley (*Tribune*), is part proprietor of a large gun factory near that town, and that it is mainly employed in making arms for Government.

The Comptroller has refused to authorize the issue of the three million of New York Corporation ship-plasters.

Mayor Opdyke has declined to sign the ordinance authorizing the payment of the New York Police. There is consequently great suffering in that Department.

A new daily and weekly Democratic paper, to be called the *Age*, is soon to be started in Philadelphia. The managers are A. J. Glossbrenner, F. J. Grund and W. H. Welsh.

The annual election in New Hampshire takes place on the second Tuesday in March. The following are the Republican candidates for State officers: For Governor, Joseph A. Gilmore; Railroad Commissioner, Joseph H. Buffum; Members of Congress, First District, Joel Eastman; Second, Edward H. Rollins; Third, James W. Patterson.

At Chambers of the Supreme Court, on Feb. 7, Justice Barnard dismissed an order to vacate certain legal proceedings on the ground that they were not stamped. He decided that the provisions of the Act of Congress declaring proceedings in State Courts invalid unless stamped, was illegal and unconstitutional.

The other day a lady of Syracuse was married to a soldier in a fort near Washington. The parties

were about 400 miles apart, and the vows were spoken by telegraph. The officiating minister on this occasion was the chaplain of the regiment to which the happy man belonged. It took two hours to do the work up complete, and the telegram from the chaplain to the lady announcing that she and the soldier were man and wife, is the bride's marriage certificate.

The will of Gen. Kearny has been admitted to Probate. He left a large estate, real and personal. He provided for both his widows—he having been divorced from his first wife.

A meeting has been held by the mechanics and skilled laborers in New York, to protect themselves against emigrant labor.

A short time ago a regiment of volunteers called the Metropolitan Guard, was raised from the Police force. Last week the sum of \$70,000 was raised by its friends for the relief of the widows and orphans of the slain.

Western.—Harriet A. McLaughlin, of Chicago, asks for a divorce from Henry A., her husband. She is only 11 years old, and has been married but a single month.

A Chicago paper heartily endorses the incarceration of Mr. Bolles in Fort McHenry, and avers that, as times go, nothing better than a prison can be hoped for. It repeats that Mr. Stanton has not established an almshouse for the Union editors.

It is the intention of the citizens of Nashville to erect a monument to Scott, Silas Herring of the Anderson troop, who was killed at the battle of Murfreesboro'. It will be remembered that, when the Anderson troop (cavalry) refused to fight on account of private grievances, he announced his intention of going alone to represent the regiment, which so roused his company that they all resolved to accompany him, thus saving the entire regiment from disgrace.

The rebel Gen. Wheeler's cavalry raid upon the cars between Nashville and Frankfort, was so successful as at first reported. The Union loss was only two cars destroyed.

Gen. Loan, who commands the Middle District of Missouri, has issued orders to hang or capture all marauding guerillas, robbers, rebel recruiting officers and agents, and also those who knowingly harbor and protect them. Any officer failing to carry out this order is to be promptly court-martialed.

Two hundred of the prisoners taken at Murfreesboro', and now at the Gratiot prison, St. Louis, have informed the Provost-Marshal that they wish to take the oath of allegiance. They are mostly from Kentucky and Tennessee. The Provost-Marshal decided to exact bonds from part of them, in addition to the oath, and make them reside in the Free States.

Provost-Marshal Dick, who seems to be located at St. Louis, has notified the postmasters in the District of Kansas that the Chicago *Times* newspaper must not be delivered to subscribers; and if, after the publishers receive proper notification of this fact, they shall continue to send the paper, the postmasters are ordered to burn the same.

There is reliable information that a general Indian war is in contemplation in the North-West on the opening of spring. The intelligence comes directly from Fort Pierre and the different Indian rendezvous on the Red river of the North Platte and Upper Missouri.

A large and enthusiastic meeting was held in St. Louis on the 28th Jan., to ratify the President's Emancipation Proclamation. Strong speeches in its defence were made by Messrs. Blow, Drake, Johnson, Strong and others.

A vessel arrived at San Francisco on Jan. 29th with 1,100 bales of drills and sheetings from China, and advises that hereafter California might look to that nation for its cotton. Several ships also left Japan, in December, laden with cotton for English ports.

There are two propositions for the holding of Peace Conventions before the Legislature of Indiana. One is for a meeting of the Legislatures of Indiana, Kentucky, Ohio and Illinois, at Frankfort, Kentucky, on the 22d of February, and the other is, that if Congress shall fail to call a National Convention the State of Indiana shall invite every State in the Federal Union, including the so-called Confederate States, to meet delegates from the State of Indiana in Convention at Nashville, Tennessee, on the first Monday in June, 1863. Each of said States to send as many delegates to said Convention as shall equal the number of Senators and Representatives to which such State is entitled in the Congress of the United States.

The resolution in the Indiana Legislature endorsing the expulsion of Jesse D. Bright from the United States Senate was tabled on the 28th ult., by a vote of 55 to 38.

One of the officers captured at Arkansas Post, who was in Little Rock a short time ago, says Gen. Holmes has received instructions from Jeff. Davis to suspend all proceedings in the demand for the giving up of Gen. McNeill for shooting the 10 guerillas in Missouri.

The Legislature of Wisconsin has ordered the Governor's Message to be printed in the German, Norwegian, Welsh and Holland Dutch languages.

The Army Commissioners' bill, which takes all power over the State troops out of the hands of the Governor, has passed the House of Representatives of Illinois by a vote of 47 to 26.

Senator Chandler has written a letter home announcing the fact that Michigan will have the honor of sending a negro regiment to the war.

Southern.—The *Rebel Warrior*, a paper published in Houston, Texas, says: "Every place has now been redeemed, and to-day the Union flag floats not over an inch of the sacred soil of Texas."

Black tea is \$16 a pound in Richmond, and board \$5 a day.

The Richmond Examiner says there have been 1,762 executions for desertions in the rebel army.

Owners of 20 or more negroes are excepted from the conscription laws in Jefferson. The poor whites are so reduced now in number and spirit that they dare not resent this oligarchical principle. This is in strange contrast to British aristocracy. A British nobleman is ever ready to monopolize the post of danger.

The *New South* of Port Royal says that Frippe Island, 10 miles north of Hilton Head, is one of the finest sporting spots in America. In one day a sportsman bagged a complete boatload of game, including five deer, and a cargo of birds, etc.

The New York *Tribune* says that Mr. Lincoln was not aware of the advances made by Mr. Seward to the rebels last year when Mr. Mercer visited Richmond. The Richmond Dispatch says that Mr. Lincoln himself authorized the visit of Mr. Mercer, and approved of what he said while there. The last interview Mercer had was with Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward together.

The Richmond Enquirer says that Russell, of the London *Times* was dismissed from his position on that paper in consequence of the proprietors being convinced he had been bribed by the North.

Gen. Butler has charged himself, in his account with the War Department, with \$1,088,000, money received by him from military assessments, confiscations of rebel property, and fines of rebels at New Orleans.

The Legislature of Mississippi has passed a bill providing that not over three acres of cotton shall be planted to a hand, under a penalty of \$500 per acre, half to go to the informer.

The total amount of cotton purchased by the Government in the State of Mississippi reaches about 100,000 bales, and much more is in negotiation.

The Richmond Examiner, in an article on the blockade, takes this very novel view of it: "The Yankees have done us a good office in isolating us from all commercial intercourse with the world, and thus

securing to our money a local currency. We have had no use for other money than that put forth by Government. That money has driven all other local issues out of circulation, and maintained its currency throughout the struggle. That money has kept our armies in the field and saved our cause, and its currency is due to the rigidity and success of the Yankee blockade. In short, the very shrewd but very unlucky Yankee race have in this matter overreached themselves; they whipped themselves in this war by their own blockade. Without it they might have demoralized many of our citizens and utterly destroyed our currency."

The Richmond Enquirer says there are several vessels like the Alabama on their way from Europe, to assist her and the Oreto in driving American commerce off the ocean.

Military.—The New York *Tribune*, in noticing the recent skirmish on the Blackwater, says: "All the infantry, with the exception of the 13th Indiana, acted badly. If they had done their duty, Fryor's force would have been captured. Many of the Pennsylvania conscripts said, 'You can make us conscripts, but you can't make us fight.' The 6th Massachusetts would not move, though it was a mile in the rear of Follet's Battery. The New York regiments, ordered to charge up the narrow causeway, excepting the 16th, would not move. Follet's battery was not supported at all. The Secesh tried to charge, but the artillery killed so many of them that the regiment or regiments broke and ran." The correspondent of the same paper says a snowstorm of unexampled severity set in at Norfolk on the 3d Feb. The roads are completely snowed up, and will not be passable for a month.

On the 2d Feb., a squadron of cavalry made a dash from Murfreesboro' to Middletown, 15 miles distant, and surprised a rebel camp, capturing 90 prisoners.

The 100th Illinois regiment, forming a part of Gen. Grant's army, has been disbanded, by order of the General, on account of their disloyal sentiments. So says the Lafayette Journal, 27th Jan.

Mr. Stafford, the inventor of the shell named after himself, has succeeded in driving one of his projectiles entirely through the iron-plating, and half-way through the wood of a target representing in every respect a complete section of the British frigate Warrior. It exploded in the target, shattering it seriously. Afterward, a solid shot was driven entirely through the target, penetrating the earth beyond five or six feet, and all this was accomplished with a smaller charge of powder than is used with any but a Dahlgren gun.

Assist.-Sec. of War Wolcott has resigned on account of ill-health, and Mr. Watson has assumed his position.

Port Hudson is a small village on the east bank of the Mississippi, 15 miles above Baton Rouge, about 40 miles below the mouth of the Red river, and at least 250 below Vicksburg. It is free from inundation and is as strong as Fort Pillow.

An affray occurred on the 2d Feb. in the Park Barracks, N. Y., among some of the 168th regiment, N. Y., in which two private were shot severely.

On the 1st Feb. Col. Warren Stewart, chief of cavalry on McClellan's Staff, went out on a reconnaissance with 200 men—meeting some of the enemy's anation caused in which he was shot—his men fled and left his dead body in the hands of the rebels. On his person there was a memorandum book containing estimates of our force, guns, plans, etc.

A letter from the Massachusetts 30th regiment, Lieut.-Col. Bullock commanding, under date of New Orleans, La., Jan. 13th, says that the regiment was under orders to proceed to Baton Rouge, but it was not known when they would leave for that place.

The Roxbury Journal says: "Send Fremont to East Tennessee, McClellan to Vicksburg, Burnside to North Carolina, put McDowell with Rosecrans, place Butler in New Orleans and dispatch Banks to Texas. Then let the country stop quarrelling about commanders, and give the laurels of triumph to him who succeeds best against the enemy."

Mr. Stanton has required Gov. Seymour to make good the deficiency of the New York quota, which amounts to 28,517 men.

Senator Rice, who is on the Military Commission, says: "You may take the pay department, the commissary department, the medical department, the quartermaster's department, and you may take the Commanding General and the Secretary of War, and you cannot, from all of them, come within 300,000, or probably 500,000, of the number of men in the service; at least we cannot get the information."

Naval.—Com. S. M. Brasher has been ordered to report at the Navy Yard at Pensacola.

Capt. Worden, of the Monitor and Montauk, has been nominated to the Senate as Captain for his meritorious conduct.

The New Haven Journal says: "The Mary Benton, a little Connecticut river steamer, has been sold to the Government for \$52,000. She cost, when new, only \$30,000, and the Government has paid her \$27,000 for the use of her last six months. It would be interesting to know how the purchase money was divided."

On the 6th Feb. a propeller anchored at Norfolk from Newberne, via the canal and inland route. They report two government schooners ashore on Hatteras shoals, one loaded with cattle and one with coal, and that a fleet of 120 vessels had sailed and are bound South.

The *Boletín Mercantil* of Puerto Rico mentions that on Saturday, Jan. 10, a war steamer was signaled off the port. The next morning she had disappeared. Persons who had an opportunity to examine the vessel were satisfied that she was a privateer steamer of the Confederate States cruising in search of prizes.

Personal.—Hon. John Bell is now residing with his family at Georgia. The Atlanta Courier says: "He has fallen into a settled melancholy—another debt of vengeance the North has to settle for."

The Richmond Examiner says: "The Hon. John Minor Botts has recently purchased, in Orange county, Virginia, an estate of 2,900 acres, for the sum of \$104,000, and has left the city to take possession of the same, with the intention of devoting the remainder of his life to agricultural pursuits."

In a private letter to his brother, Bishop Rosecrans, of Cincinnati, the General writes as follows regarding the late Col. Garesche, his Chief of Staff: "Col. Garesche was killed by my side. A cannon ball passed directly behind my head and struck him, leaving only his under jaw. We both received the sacrament that morning, and shortly before he was killed he asked my permission to retire for a few moments from the eminence on which headquarters were established. I now suspect that he went aside to offer his life to God for our success! I hope he went straight to Heaven, our blessed country!"

The Springfield, Mass., Republican has been shown a receipt signed by Nathaniel P. Banks, in 1836, of money received by him of Sargent M. Davis, of Roxbury, in whose employ he then was as a machinist, at \$1 33 per day. That Nathaniel P. Banks is Ex-Gov. Banks, of Mass., and now Major-Gen. in the United States Army, and in command of the Federal forces at New Orleans. He was in the employ of Mr. Davis several years, never receiving over \$1 50 per day.

Mr. Stokes, of Trenton, lately sued Judge Nar. of the *True American* for damages, for having put his marriage among the deaths. Although the editor offered to make it all right by putting Stokes's death among the marriages, the indignant Benedict would not accept the *amende honorable*. Damages six cents.

Gen. F. I. Herron is resting for a while at the Planter's Hotel, St. Louis.

Gen. Burnside is now in Washington, as witness on Gen. Franklin's Court-Martial.

Gen. Sumner is now on a visit to his native place in Berkshire county, N. Y. It is his intention to leave the army during the present regime.

Rev. Joshua Emery, of Weymouth, Mass., recently celebrated the 25th anniversary of his installation as pastor of the First Congregational Church in that town. His people presented him with a silver pitcher, goblet and salver, on the occasion.

Gen. Butler is in Washington, D. C.

Gen. Rousseau, who may be called the saviour of Kentucky, is now at Lancaster, Pa., where he was received with great honors.

The venerable Josiah Quincy attained his 91st year on the 3d inst. Two well-known merchants of Boston, both over fourscore, who were of his military family when he commanded the Hussars, paid their respects to their former Chief, notwithstanding the extreme cold.

Gen. Churchill, who commanded the rebels at Arkansas Post, is a native of Kentucky, but a resident of Arkansas. He has been in the war since its commencement, and was present at Wilson's Creek, Pea Ridge, Corinth and other battles in the West. Among the officers taken was Major Gaines, Chief of Artillery. He is a nephew of Gen. Gaines, and of the Mrs. Gaines whose lawsuit has so long been before the public.

Brig.-Gen. J. P. White, of Harper's Ferry notoriety, has recently been exchanged, and is now ordered to the command of the Eastern district of Kentucky.

Governor Stanley has resigned his appointment as Military Governor of North Carolina, in consequence of Mr. Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation.

Thurlof Weed has published his reasons for withdrawing from the Albany Journal. It was disapproval of the policy pursued by the Administration in converting the war for the Union into a war for the negro.

Genl. Burnside and Sumner are at the St. Nicholas hotel.

Mrs. Lincoln held a brilliant levee at the White House on Saturday evening. She was superbly dressed.

George Francis Train was advertised to lecture at St. Louis on Feb. 7. An hour previous to the time advertised the Provost Marshal gave him the choice of going to jail or leaving the State in half an hour. The would-be lecturer chose the latter.

Obituary.—The Washington *Chronicle* says that the Mr. Fitzgerald who committed suicide at the St. Nicholas Hotel, a few days since, was not a son-in-law of Senator Doolittle, of Wisconsin, but was a connection of a former distinguished official of the same State.

Nehemiah Stanly, for several years a reporter on the Boston press, and well-known as the correspondent, "Scout," of the *Journal*, with Gen. Burnside's first expedition, and with subsequent expeditions, died on the 2d of February at his house in South Taworth, N. H., of chronic diarrhea, contracted while in the faithful discharge of his duty.

Horace Vernet, the eminent French historical painter, died in Paris on Jan. 17, aged 74.

Ibrahim Pacha, of Egypt, died on Jan. 18, aged 41.

Accidents and Offences.—A man named Ingalls, supposed to be insane, shot the Rev. Mr. Quinn, pastor of Snug Harbor Asylum, Staten Island, on Saturday, and then shot himself. Mr. Quinn died instantly, but the murderer still lingers.

In skating upon a pond at Bloomfield, some days since, a boy named Higgins fell through the ice, remaining in the water out of sight some 15 minutes, when he was taken out for dead. A village physician, however, applied a galvanic battery, with other means, and after six hours' labor succeeded in restoring animation.

On Feb. 3 the extensive cracker bakery of Goodwin & Co., at the corner of Cherry and Pike streets, in this city, was destroyed by fire. Loss about \$60,000, fully insured. At about 11 o'clock one of the walls fell and buried three firemen, John Slowsky, of Engine Co. No. 19, was killed; George W. Badger, foreman of Engine Co. No. 19, and Thomas Sweeney, of Engine Co. No. 6, were severely injured.

A woman named Sault, residing in Columbia county, Penn., on Feb. 2, murdered three of her step-children, aged respectively seven, nine and 14 years, by severing their heads from their bodies and throwing their remains into the fire. She is now in jail.

An unknown woman was found murdered on Feb. 3, at the foot of South William street, Williamsburg.

A German family residing in Brooklyn was poisoned last week by rye coffee, which had been adulterated with ergot or bloated rye. The public should be careful in purchasing this article.

Thomas Donnelly was shot dead on the night of the 6th of Feb., by Michael Brady, a detective, who was arresting him on the charge of being a deserter. The homicide is in custody.

Foreign.—The Prince of Wales and the Princess Alexandra will spend their honeymoon at Osborne, Isle of Wight.

Lord Gifford, an English nobleman of singular worth, and who at the risk of his own life saved the lives of two of his workpeople, from the effects of which act he never recovered, died at London on Jan. 7th. On his deathbed he was married to the Countess of Dufferin, to whom he had long been attached.

Russ, the celebrated pathmaker, died the other day, aged 42. He was engaged in working some mines in Nova Scotia at the time of his death.

The British empire has nearly three times the area and seven times the population of the United States, and nearly seven times the area and ten times the population of the "loyal North."

The population of the Russian Empire in 1722 was 14,000,000; in 1803, 36,000,000; and at present it amounts to 65,000,000.

In 1720 the population of the British empire was 9,000,000. It is now 198,000,000.

The London *Times* says that 2,000 lives are lost every year in the mines of England.

Heenan, the far-famed Benicia Boy, has joined, during his travels in England, a literary society.

Archbishop Whately's reply to Mrs. Boecher Stowe has very much displeased Queen Victoria, who is an extreme Northern woman.

The first stone of an English Protestant church was laid at Naples on Dec. 15. The land upon which the edifice is to be built was presented by Garibaldi two years ago, and is situated in the Strada San Pasquale, at the back of the Riviera di Chiaia. This will be the first church ever erected for Protestant worship in Southern Italy.

There is a good prospect of Canada being buried in snow for some time to come. At Montreal the snow is 18 inches deep, and at other points near there two feet and a half deep.

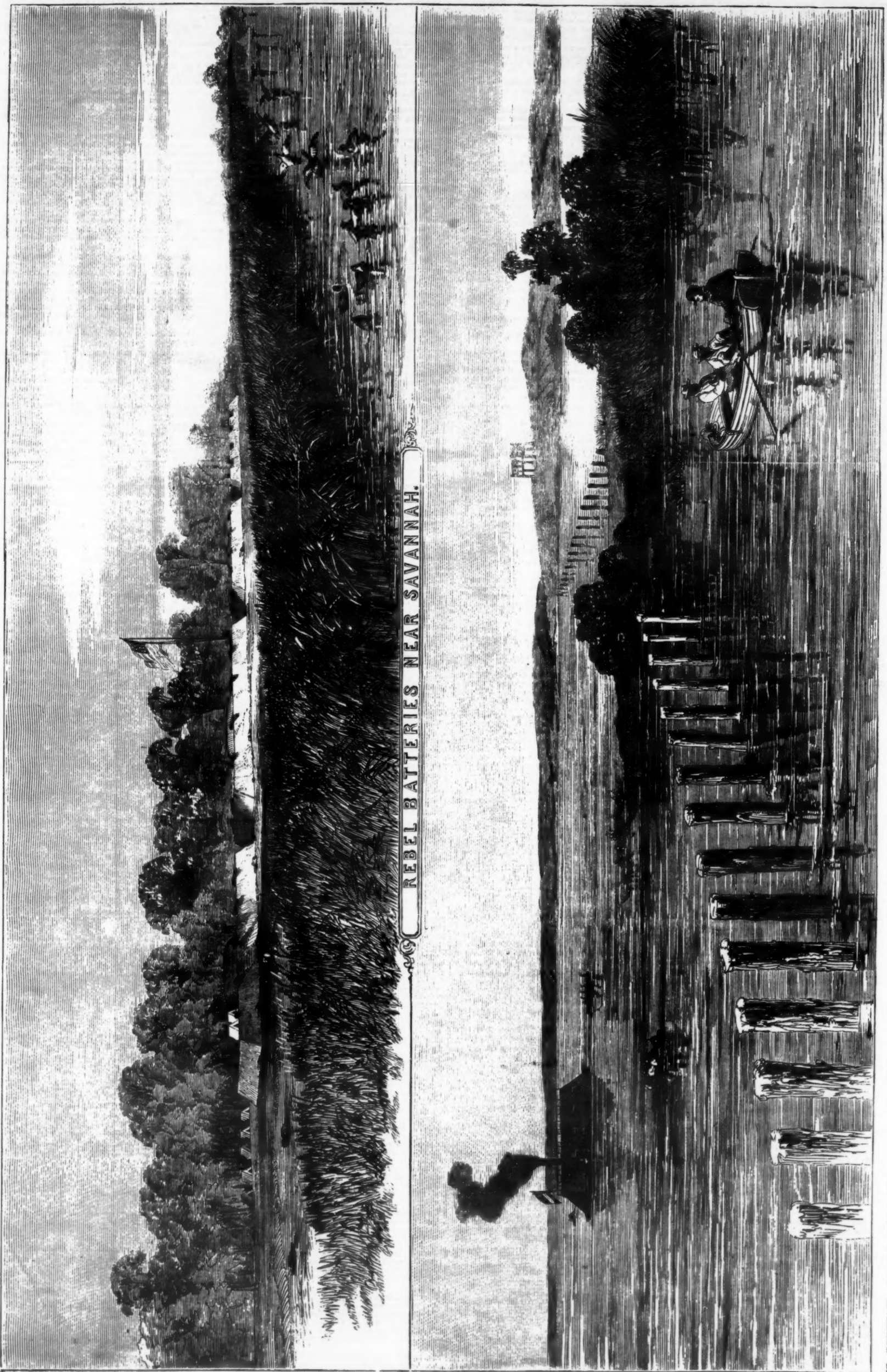
The news from Mexico by the Roanoke contradicts the previous reports of great Mexican victories, and also the story that Mejia (Mexican Ally of the French) had committed suicide. The French artillery trains destined for the siege of Puebla were on the march, and Gen. Forey was intending to attack the town with 30,000 men.

The 57th Anniversary of the Battle of Trafalgar was lately celebrated by 102 officers, including 30 admirals.

During the past year 20,037 immigrants arrived in Canada, via Quebec, and 6,395 by the other routes. From thence 9,232 proceeded to the States.

The President's Message was published in Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, in 12 days and 20 hours after its delivery in Washington.





REBEL BATTERIES NEAR SAVANNAH.

THE DEFENCES OF SAVANNAH—THE REBEL RAM GEORGIA, AND OBSTRUCTIONS PLACED IN THE SAVANNAH RIVER, AT ETRA ISLAND, TO RESIST THE APPROACH OF THE UNION FLEET.—FROM A SKETCH BY A UNION SCOUT.—SEE PAGE 347.

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## THE LIFELONG RACE.

BY JOHN W. WATSON.

His house was the finest of all the fine,  
It was proud in its stately gloom,  
His table was heaped with the wealth of the mine,  
And the beautiful glass, with the blushing wine,  
Flung its perfume through the room.

His wife was the fairest of all the fair,  
She was wonderful in her grace,  
She had glorious stuffs of silk to wear,  
And the diamonds glistened in her hair,  
And the beauty in her face.

His friends were the greatest of all the great,  
They were great in their success,  
And a score of lackeys, early and late,  
On the glance of the merchant humbly wait,  
With an obsequious address.

His word was the bond for a million or more,  
'Twas a marvellous coining of mind,  
His debtors were scattered the wide world o'er,  
His freights they were waiting on every shore,  
And his ships were on every wind.

The merchant sat in his dining hall,  
While he sipped his grand old wine,  
And he looked with a smile in the mirrors tall,  
On the wealth and the art of his board and wall,  
And he said, "These all are mine!"

There came a woman with sign of woe  
To the merchant's dining-hall;  
She plead for one who had fallen low,  
But the great man sternly answered, "No!  
He hath well deserved to fall."

Wearily, wearily wanes the day,  
To the man in his deep despair;  
His proud heart eats itself away,  
And his stubborn soul refuses to pray,  
Refuses a single prayer.

He hath argued his case with himself alone,  
And he knows, in his heart's recess,  
That his are all of the selfsame tone  
As the merchant's acts, which remain unknown,  
And are coupled with success.

How can this proud man, crushed with shame,  
Bow to the rod of the law,  
When he finds himself, with a blasted name,  
Reviled and scouted for doing the same,  
As those who have gone before?

And so the woman hath plead in vain,  
And the man in his pride and shame,  
By his bursting heart, again and again,  
Hath sworn to himself that the desperate statu  
Shall be washed away in the flood of fame!

And the years roll on in their changing course,  
While the merchant sips his wine,  
But his ships have become a total loss,  
His wealth of gold has turned to dross,  
And his friends with others dine.

His beautiful wife, with her jewels so gay,  
With her glorious stuffs and all,  
Has passed, like his fleeting gold, away;  
She loved his gold, but she could not stay  
To love him in his fall!

And still the years as swiftly go,  
And the man who was cradled in shame  
Hath fed his soul with the memoried "No!"  
Till the world is whispering to and fro  
The greatness of his name.

And still the years as swiftly trace  
Their marks of death and fame,  
And the merchant and man meet face to face,  
And the man has won in the lifelong race,  
By the help of God—and shame!

## PRIZE STORY

No. 6.

VICTORIA:  
A Romance of the Heart.

## CHAPTER I.

I AM a quiet man. No torrid sirocco, no chilling euroclydon has ever scorched or frozen the springs of my life.

Like all men, I have had my boyish fancies for "the red, young mouth," and "the hair's young gold," but I smile now over my bachelor fire, at my penchant for the blonde in blue, and the brunette in crimson, to whom I used to telegraph from my window, when Madame Laborde's pupils were out for a walk.

Love's passion-flower has never unfolded in my heart; my life, like the century-plant, is long in blossoming. Well, I am content, I have my home—a pleasant, refined, quiet home, with choice pictures on the walls, choice books on the shelves, marble chisellings, on each of which some sculptor has dreamed and toiled away his best years, and every luxury I could wish.

As I gaze out, I see the terrace flushed with gorgeous bloom, the trees all aflame, and the atmosphere steeped in a golden haze, not unlike that which brooded over the old alchemist's crucibles, when ores as precious as Cleopatra's pearls had been dissolved, in search of the "philosopher's stone," or the principle of life. Wherever I gaze I behold the pomp and richness of the autumn day; Nature speaks to me, and I repeat it—I am content. If my heart never bursts into flower till it is transplanted to the land where suns never set and storms never come—even so, amen!

Thus I wrote of myself in my notebook, on my thirty-fifth birthday. Ah! I wonder that no sibyl-voice warned me of the future stretching out before me; a future at first bright as a summer sea, then tumultuous with wild passion-waves, and at last—at last drifting into the drear twilight of an arctic winter, spectral with ice-ghosts, cold as death.

That night I met my fate. My half-sister Florence, a woman of rank and fashion, gave a party to celebrate my birthday; but as I had insisted on its being a quiet affair, I was astonished at the scene which met my view when I entered the drawing-room. Brilliant women swept past me, their robes trailing in golden-purple or crimson splendor over the carpet; young girls as slender and almost as ethereal as Psyche flitted by—I saw the sheen and shadow of bright and dusky hair, and heard the fall of daintily-shodden feet; but amid this gay tumult my eye soon singled out a lady leaning against the elaborate sculpture of the verd

antique mantel. Had Tennyson seen her standing there, "stiller than chiselled marble," he would have immortalized her as

"A daughter of the gods, divinely fair,  
And most divinely tall."

As I gazed upon her, however, I could think of nothing but the *Victoria Regia*, when after rowing all day amid the flame-lipped, gold-centered blossoms that lit up the banks of the Essequibo with such splendor, I came just at eventide upon the matchless flower, fitly named by the Indian boatmen, the Queen of the Waters. Her complexion had the same pure whiteness I had found on those broad petals, and the delicate glow on her cheek seemed to have been borrowed from the royal blossom. Her head was balanced with as stately a grace as that with which the *Victoria Regia* lifts its corolla from the stream, and the pose of her superb figure accorded well with the sculpture-like face.

I always notice a lady's toilet as I should the accessories of a picture, or the setting of a jewel, and the cool freshness of hers in that heated room heightened her resemblance to the Queen of the Waters. It was white, and of some fabric vapory as mist, and its rich embroidery must have rivalled Arachne's, though I confess I can scarcely be considered a judge in these matters. A bunch of rare tropic lilies lay upon her breast, fastened by a curious brooch, and her thick clustered hair was knotted back with a golden comb, its pendants glittering like gilded icicles in the gaslight.

I had made these observations when I recollected I had not greeted my hostess, and advanced to the place where she stood, self-poised and radiant.

"Well," began Mrs. Revere, "the hermit has come out from his den at last. Indeed, the morning papers ought to announce the fact." And she shook hands with me, adding, in a lower tone: "I believe you know most of the people present; there is that charming widow dying to be introduced to you. Pray, ask her to dance the next quadrille." And her eyes wandered to a beautiful woman in violet-colored brocade.

"You forget—I am not a dancing man," I replied; "besides, I have seen a stranger among your guests to whom I wish to be presented."

"Who can she be?"

"The lady standing near the mantel."

"What! that proud, silent girl. There are a dozen more beautiful and attractive than she."

"Her face, nevertheless, pleases me, and then I like the cool simplicity of her dress."

"Simplicity!" echoed Florence, with a laugh. "Why, her costume is most expensive! The dress is India muslin, and it is a perfect wonder how it could ever be embroidered so elaborately, it is such a mere cobweb. It cost a round sum, and nothing could be richer than the few ornaments she wears. Her brooch and comb are of Etruscan gold, and all ablaze with diamonds."

"I am no connoisseur, as you know, Florence; I only thought the costume unique and becoming. If she is an heiress she cannot think me a fortune-hunter."

The next moment Mrs. Revere had taken my arm, and we were making our way to the lady. "Victoria," said Florence, and I smiled as I thought that in name as well as in person she bore a resemblance to the royal flower. At the sound of my sister's voice she turned, and Florence continued—

"Miss Allingham, I have the pleasure of presenting my brother, Mr. Laurence Percival."

I bowed, and when the greetings were over Mrs. Revere added gaily,

"My hermit-brother feels quite lost. Have the grace to entertain him, or he will be off to his den. I assure you that nothing less than a *fête* to cele-

brate his turning the third corner would have drawn him here."

Miss Allingham smiled and I offered my arm for a promenade. We glided into conversation, but her manner lost none of its cool politeness. When she sat down to the piano her execution was faultless, but the music of her powerful voice was cold—"cold as the moonlight glitter on Northern snows." During the whole evening she seemed the same calm, proud reticent girl I had perceived on entering. When I had handed her into her carriage, Florence touched my arm with her fan and whispered:

"Well, I fancy you are tired enough of that iceberg."

"No, her reticence interests me far more than the vivacity of the charming widow, as you call her. I am a quiet man. I like quiet women. The conquest of such an unimpressible heart as Miss Allingham's must be a triumph, for, believe me, it has



The Conservatory.

depths of tenderness of which you do not dream. Where did you make her acquaintance?"

"I met her at Saratoga, last summer. Her father is an Episcopal clergyman, and she his only living child—he has come to town to consult an optician, as his sight is failing. When I first knew her she was a dependant on a rich aunt, whose purse-proud daughters made her position very uncomfortable, but *nous avons changé tout cela!* She's an heiress in her own right, now. Her uncle Victor died a few months ago in China, leaving the wealth he had amassed there to his niece and god-daughter. Of course, the fortune-hunters are on the *qui vive*, and gentlemen who never noticed her at Saratoga have played the devoted since she came to New York, and been rebuffed till they declare she is utterly heartless."

I listened with interest to this brief history, but much as I had admired her, I thought I should never know more of Victoria Allingham. The next day I rose at the usual hour, in spite of my unwonted dissipation. I breakfasted in bachelor state, but when Thomas poured my coffee I could not help thinking how pleasant it would be to have a fair presence at the head of my table—to receive my mocha from a white hand, like that Miss Allingham had revealed when she drew off her glove.

Breakfast over, I retreated to my library. The fire burned as brightly as ever on the marble hearth, the sunshine lay as warm on the carpet; the leaves of the last new book were opened at the place which I had thought so absorbing, when I left it to dress for the *fête*, and my curious paper-knife gleamed beside the volume, but the story had lost its charm, and I flung it down. Then I tried the old favorites, but not even the "mournful Tuscan's" haunted rhyme, "Milton's starry splendor," nor the fortunes of Goethe's Mignon could rivet my attention. I seated myself at the piano and tried its chords; I idly thrummed a guitar, which had done service at serenading in my college days; I took up the flute, with which I had whiled away so many hours, but to no purpose. At last I sauntered out where the autumnal ripeness glowed among the grapes, purpled the damascens, made the asters flame, and the royal dahlias put on their Tyrian and gold, and steeped the air in the dreamy haze of yesterday. But I could no longer have written in my notebook, "I am content!" I was restless; my quiet home, my books, my pictures, my old servants no more sufficed me. I ordered the groom to saddle my horse, and galloped into town. Florence and her husband would have a hearty laugh over their lunch, had they known I had come to call on Miss Allingham.

The fashionable hour for calling had passed ere I reached the Astor, but I did not mind that. I ascended the stairs, and was about to rap at their parlor door, when I perceived that it was slightly ajar. I could not resist the temptation to gaze at the picture within. An old man sat leaning back in a great lounging-chair, and as I looked at him I thought of the patriarchs, who, in ages long since gone by, were wont to walk with God and keep trysts with angels. Then my eyes wandered to Victoria, who was sitting at her father's feet. Her hauteur had vanished, and she sat reading the lesson for the day with the simplicity of a child. When she laid aside the prayer-book, and glanced up, her father was lost in thought.

"Why are you so silent?" she asked, in a low tone.

"I have been thinking," replied the rector, "how few young girls there are in this city who



The Morning Ride.



would feel willing to stay and read to a blind old man as you do."

He paused an instant, and then went on.

"The world hasn't spoiled you yet, Victoria. God forbid that it ever should!"

"Amen!" responded his daughter, and as she spoke the sunshine shot across her hair, her cheek glowed, her eyes grew luminous, and her whole face seemed transfigured. At that hour I caught a glimpse of the wealth of tenderness hoarded in her heart, and thought it would be sweet to hold the "open sesame"—to have the power to make her face kindle with love's own radiance. The next instant she saw me on the threshold, and appeared not a little astonished and disconcerted.

"I must beg pardon for my unceremonious entrance," said I, with a bow, which, I fear, was stiff as a schoolboy's—"I begged the servants not to interrupt your reading, but allow me to announce myself."

She made some cool reply, and introduced me to the rector.

"Percival, Percival," echoed the old man. "Richard Percival was a classmate of mine in my youth—perhaps you are a relative of his."

"I am his son, sir."

"His son!" and he scanned me earnestly. "Ah! if my eyes were as keen as when I knew him I might have traced the resemblance, for you bear a strong likeness to him. Sit down, sit down. I must have a long talk with you. As Richard Percival's son, you are very welcome."

I took the chair Victoria drew forward, much pleased at my cordial reception, where I had feared a rebuff, or mere civility. An hour passed in genial conversation, and if I had admired Victoria Allingham amid the glare of Julius Revere's drawing-room, I was charmed now, when the "hoariness of her nature" seemed melting away. As I rose to go, the rector invited me to call as often as I could make it convenient—an invitation which Victoria seconded. I assured them it would give me great pleasure, adding,

"I suppose you drive out almost every fine day, and should be happy to see you at Summerwood, though 'tis but a bachelor den."

Thus I left them and returned home. Dinner was served with the usual pomp, but the dining-room, with its warm, red drapings, the carpet into which my feet sank as if it had been thrice heaped with velvet, the exquisite fruit-pieces on the walls, the lustre of solid mahogany, the glitter of cut glass, Sevres and family silver, all brought into strong relief by the fire in the grate, and the candleabra shining with wax tapers, looked cold and desolate. My voice sounded hollow in the room, and the steps of the butler, as he came in with a flask of wine, awoke dismal echoes. Solitary table! solitary home! solitary heart! My bachelor dinner over, I went into the library. It was the cosiest apartment in the house, but I was full of a vague unrest, and at length I started and made a tour of the mansion. It was the homestead—the old "Percival Place," where my father had lived and died, and though it had none of the airy splendor of my sister's palace in the charmed precincts known as "up-town," I felt proud of what Florence had stigmatized as my den. There were great drawing-rooms furnished with cumbersome magnificence; a boudoir, whose doors were seldom opened since my sister's marriage, save when I glanced in as now on its blue and silver; the library and dining-hall I have mentioned, and guest-chambers, rich in tent-like canopies, polished wardrobes and tall mirrors.

"Ah!" I said to myself, "the house is splendid enough. How it would brighten it up to have a beautiful woman fitting through the rooms—to let in the sunshine, and see a fair face reflected in the dusky mirrors! How it would hallow it to have a presence like Jacob Allingham's, and hear his daughter chanting the *Te Deum*, or reading the solemn lesson."

Soliloquising thus, I returned to the library. I lighted my cigar and dreamed over the embers. At last I awoke. The fire had died out, my cigar had dropped to ashes, I felt cold and cross.

"There, there!" I muttered, "you're a fool, Laurence Percival! Keep in the old path. Taste not the nectar foaming at your lips! The cup is golden and blossom-crowned, but like the old Italian goblets, it has a subtle poison in its depths!" And resolving that I would dream no more of Victoria Allingham, I retired to rest.

#### CHAPTER II.

DAYS went by, during which I sedulously endeavored to carry out the resolution I had formed in what I deemed my more sober hours; but Heaven knows I did not succeed. A slight illness kept me within doors, and as I lay on the lounge by the fire-side I was a haunted man. With Coleridge I could have said, "My eyes make pictures when they're shut," and those pictures—ah! they were most dangerous to the imagination of one who had resolved to die as he had thus far lived—a bachelor. In my dreams I saw Victoria, not in the royal grace which had attracted my attention at my sister's ball, but sitting at the old rector's feet, reading in soft tones the daily lesson, and with flushed and earnest face responding to her father's prayer that the world might not brush the dew from her young heart. When menials brought me my medicine, or shook up the sofa pillow, I could not help thinking how desolate I should be if blindness should threaten me as it did old Jacob Allingham; and then, then of course the thought would flash through my brain, that she, who was so kind, so faithful a daughter, must be a treasure of a wife. Mrs. Revere came often to call upon me, and spent three evenings in my chamber, but an hour would not drag by ere she would shrug her shoulders and exclaim:

"Good Heavens! how dull it is here, Laurence! I don't see how you can be so contented, I am sure. I declare it is most unfortunate that you should take it into your head to be sick now, when

the city is so gay, but since you have, I must fain make the best of it."

Then she would yawn, and after asking me if I wanted anything, settle back among the velvet cushions and fall asleep. Thus the fortnight of my illness passed, and no relieved prisoner ever felt a keener joy than I when Dr. Reeves told me I could throw medicine to the dogs and return to my usual habits.

How well I remember the first day I went out for a walk! Nature's high carnival was over; the trees flamed no more, the pomp of autumn bloom was gone. The atmosphere had lost its golden haze, and the peaks of the Catskill, white with the first snow, cut sharply against the gray-blue sky. The winds piped shrilly; crimson and russet leaves lay here and there, and now and then a hickory nut came rustling down on the crisp grass. I had walked but a short distance when I met a carriage drawn by a pair of dappled grays. The superb equipage belonged to Mr. Revere, and the next moment it stopped, the window was let down, and Florence leaned out.

"Good morning, brother," she cried, "I have brought some friends to call on you."

The next instance I perceived the countenance of Jacob Allingham, and beyond it the calm, sculpture-like face of Victoria.

"I should have come here before," said Mr. Allingham, "but I, like yourself, have been obliged to keep within doors till to-day. Be assured nothing else could have kept me from Richard Percival's son when he was ill. I am glad you're so much better, sir."

"You look pale yet," remarked Miss Allingham, in a gentle tone, "do you think you are quite well enough to be out?"

"Confess the truth," exclaimed Florence, "you are tired of your den at last."

"I will not deny that I have been very lonely during my late illness," I replied, "but now I am so fortunate as to have visitors, I must not let you stand waiting. Drive on, and I will take a shorter route and be there to receive you."

Hurrying across the lawn, I reached the house and flung open the door just as the carriage stopped. Bachelor as I was, my heart beat fast at the thought of having Victoria beneath my roof, and the welcome I uttered, as I led her in, had a depth of meaning which she could not have comprehended. At length the rector said that he should like to see the grounds, with which he had been familiar when a collegian, and we went forth, Florence leaning on the old man's arm, and Victoria on mine. Her manner still retained the gentleness that had so pleased me when she spoke to me from the carriage, and when we parted she bade me take care of myself with a look which convinced me she was beginning to regard me with friendly interest.

An hour wore on, and I still sat musing on the events of the day when I heard the rattling of wheels, and walked to the window. A rude market wagon stood at the gateway—a stranger's voice shouted:

"Open, open the gate—quick, quick."

The gardener, who happened to be near, obeyed, and the wagon rolled on toward the house. Wild shrieks drew me to the door. By this time the vehicle had stopped, and beneath its white canopy I saw a woman bending over two senseless forms. One was my half-sister, Florence—the other old Jacob Allingham. His face was as ghastly as those we have shut away under the coffin lid, and his gray hair crimson with the life-tide, which was welling from a deep gash in his forehead. My sister's white ostrich plumes were crushed and bloodstained; her velvet cloak and brocade dress soiled and torn, and Victoria's hat had fallen off, and her chestnut hair rippled in rich lengths around her white, white face. Her father's head was pillowed in her lap, and she was wiping away the blood with a sad tenderness pitiful to behold.

"How, how did this happen?" I asked.

"I will try and tell you in a few words," faltered Victoria. "Florence proposed that we should take another road on our return; some men were blasting rocks near the wayside, and the horses took fright from the explosion. The coachman could not manage them; the carriage was overturned, and we were thrown out among the rocks!"

Her whole frame shook, her voice sank into a hoarse whisper, as she added:

"Oh, Mr. Percival, I fear my father and Mrs. Revere are both dead! I do not know what I should have done if this market wagon had not come up, for Tom and the footman were both stunned by the fall. The laborers said they would see that the servants were cared for, and I resolved to return to Summerwood. Poor, poor papa—poor Florence!" and she glanced from one to the other, as if the grave-dust had already settled on those pulseless hearts.

"I hope life is not extinct," murmured I, and I raised Florence in my arms, bade the porter bear the old man in, and asked Victoria to follow. Dr. Reeves was sent for, but ere he arrived Florence had been restored to consciousness, and leaving her to the care of the housekeeper, I sought the room to which Jacob Allingham had been borne. He lay on a low French bed, and Victoria knelt beside him, still wiping the blood from his brow in a dreary, despairing way that thrilled me with the tenderest compassion. Soon after my entrance Dr. Reeves appeared. As he advanced to the couch, Victoria rose, staggering back, and would have fallen had it not been for the support of my arm. Pale, mute, rigid, she watched him as he examined the wound and applied restoratives, but when he said, "Madam, there is life, and while life lasts there is hope," she sank down and burst into tears. She showered kisses on the lips that were growing warm, on the wan cheek, and even the thin white hair, and yet the world called Victoria Allingham an iceberg.

"Thank God! thank God!" she exclaimed; "he is all I have to love and cherish in the wide world,

Mr. Percival, and the thought that he was dead froze my blood! but now—now I can weep! Tears, blessed tears come to my relief!"

Thus, in the hour of trial, Victoria found herself in my quiet home, and that night I had enough to occupy my time. I dispatched a messenger to Mr. Revere, and two days afterwards Florence was able to go back to the city, but Dr. Reeves declared the old rector must on no account be removed at present. When the physician had gone I retired to my library, and was lounging there when I heard a tap at the door. I sprang to open it, and met Victoria on the threshold.

"Mr. Percival," she said, with some embarrassment, "I suppose Dr. Reeves has told you what he did me—that papa ought not to be moved while he has so much fever. I regret to be such a tax upon you, especially when you are not yet strong yourself."

"Do not speak of it, I beg of you, Miss Allingham," I replied; "believe me it is a pleasure to be of service to one who was my father's friend."

She thanked me in tones which no effort could render quite firm, and glided away.

Weeks went by, and the Allinghams were still inmates of my bachelor household. That period opened a new era in my life. As the old rector gained strength, he insisted that Victoria should not confine herself so closely to his chamber, and then I exerted every effort to entertain her. We took many a gallop over the hills in the bracing air of the November morn; we strolled about the grounds, ever and anon pausing to gaze at choice bits of landscape; we watched the moon rise, the pale splendor of the milky way, and the stars journeying, journeying, journeying on, like quiet pilgrims, to some far-off Mecca of the sky.

It was pleasant to lean over her chair, as she sang ballads with an expression I had never heard equalled; to sit by the glowing grate, with half-shut eyes, and stealthily watch her, as she sorted her German wool, or read to her father and me; to see her feeding my pet birds, or my favorite grayhound; to return belated at night, and hear her cordial greeting. To confess the truth, I was sometimes tempted to faint illness, it was so sweet to have her glide in, make those kind inquiries to which a solitary bachelor is unaccustomed, bathe my brow with cologne water, and shake up the sofa-pillow as only she could. One evening when I had come home late, and taken my tea in no enviable mood, because Victoria was not behind the urn, I heard her familiar tap at the door.

"Well, laggard," she began in a playful tone, which she could employ upon occasion, "here you are, then! I was beginning to think something had befallen you when I heard your horse dashing up the avenue. Papa is asleep, so I have come for the glove you showed me this morning. Indeed, that rent has haunted me all day; give it to me, and I will do my best to repair it."

"No matter about the glove," said I; "sit down, and have the grace to entertain a tired old bachelor."

"This is the last night we shall be at Summerwood," she rejoined, sinking upon an ottoman. "Dr. Reeves has been here in your absence, and says papa will be able to go back to-morrow."

"To-morrow? Nonsense! Reeves has lost his wits!"

"I know papa is not strong yet," continued Miss Allingham, "but he came downstairs to-day, and took a short drive with the doctor too; and, instead of being exhausted, he declared he felt better for the exertion. Besides, we cannot think of taxing your kindness any longer."

"Miss Allingham, have I not repeatedly told you that you were not taxing what you are pleased to call my kindness?"

"Yes; but—but—"

"But what?"

"It is a great change for a quiet man like you to have your house given up to an invalid. When we are gone you will settle into your old habits once more."

"Old habits!" I echoed. "That means shutting myself up, like Diogenes in his tub. But I fear this will not satisfy me now; I shall miss your father—I shall miss you! I shall have nobody but Thomas or the housekeeper to pour my coffee—nobody to share my gallops over the hills, nobody to mend my gloves."

Victoria smiled, but she did not speak or lift her eyes from the quaint *broques* suspended to her chateleine.

"So you see," I continued, "that I am the one who ought to speak of obligation. If, during your stay here you have learned to think of me as a friend—a true friend—I should be repaid, had I done a thousandfold more to promote your comfort."

"I hope you do not doubt that, Mr. Percival," said the lady in a reproachful tone.

"I do not—I will not; but I fear, when you once get away from Summerwood, you will grow coldly polite again."

"Ah," replied Victoria; "if I am ever tempted to enact the iceberg with you, I will think of the time when I rode back to you in that rude wagon, of all your generous sympathy in my hour of trial."

Her eyes grew moist as she spoke. She extended her hand, I clasped it in silence, and thus our compact was sealed.

The next day she and her father returned to the city, and I was left alone. When she was gone I realized how essential to my happiness Victoria Allingham had grown. At last—at last my heart had burst into bloom—I was in love! I missed her face when I chanced, as I often did, to glance up at the window where she had been wont to sit; a face which, though calm, cold and proud when I first saw it, I had since seen more changeable than an April sky. I missed her step, her voice echoing through the great, lonely house, her hat hanging in the hall, her workbox, with its feminine devices and all the varied tokens of a refined woman's presence.

Winter came, with its white pomp of snow, its gray skies, its winds wailing out a dead march, as the Old Year crossed the chill river and landed on the dim shores of Eternity. Then Earth and Heaven seemed to grow jubilant with Christmas rejoicings. Christmas garlands hung at the windows, Christmas trees drooped beneath their glittering burdens, Christmas cheer made the poor man's home a palace, and as I lay in my chamber in the gray morning twilight I fancied I heard angel-singers hymning the glad, glad song—"Peace on earth—good will to men!" which came peeling down on the ears of the eastern shepherds as they watched and waited for the Christ-child on the wild plains of Judea.

That day I attended church with the Allinghams, and sat beside Victoria, while her father read the service. They dined with me, and after dinner, when the old rector had been installed in a lounging-chair in the drawing-room, I said:

"Please excuse us a few moments, sir. I wish to show Miss Allingham a new plant in the conservatory."

He nodded assent, and I offered Victoria my arm and led her into the greenhouse, of which I was not a little proud. The scene within those walls contrasted strikingly with the bleak landscape outside. There were roses from every clime where flowers are born; tall oleanders, with their wealth of bloom; and the gorgeous cacti, which have their home in Mexican forests; the spicy Cape jasmine; the stately camellia; the night-blooming cereus; the passion-flower, that lasts for a day; the sacred lotus, which conjures up memories of the solemn pyramids and the mystic Nile; orange, lemon and fig-trees, with ripe fruit drooping from their boughs; vines that had once woven their green tangles in Isthmian woods; and old English ivy creeping along the walls. But I would not permit Victoria to stop till we reached a remote corner, in which an enormous tank had been constructed. In that tank, with the moonlight streaming over it, lay a *Victoria Regia* just bursting into bloom. I had procured it at great expense, not merely for the charm it would lend my conservatory, but because it was associated in my mind with Victoria Allingham. She was extravagantly fond of flowers, and her eyes dilated with wonder and delight as she gazed upon it.

"This is indeed a pleasant surprise," she cried, clapping her hands with the graceful abandon of a child. "I have seen prints of the *Victoria Regia*, and know that magnificent flower can be nothing else! Why, where did you get it? How long have you had it?"

I answered these questions, and then asked, "Why do you suppose I prize it so much more than all the other floral treasures of which I can boast?"

"Because it is the rarest, of course."

"No, no, Miss Allingham; it is because when I first saw you at my sister's fête you reminded me of the blossom which the dusky Indian boatman had poetically named the 'Queen of the Waters.'"

Victoria's color came and went, but she was silent, and I resumed:

"I have grown superstitious about this flower. You see that silver calyx in the centre, it has not opened till to-night; but now, now the snowy covering has burst, and you perceive the crimson heart of the fragrant 'silver rose.' Shall I tell you of what I in my dreams have made this an omen?"

Victoria Allingham was still silent, but I ventured to say,

"It was presumptuous enough to link your heart with the silver calyx, to hope that if it unfolded to-night your heart would unfold to me, also, Victoria. Victoria, thus late have I learned to love! If I could call you mine—if I could have a right to cherish you as a man cherishes the elect woman of his soul, I should ask no more of Heaven."

I can see her to-day as she looked then, with her crimson cheek, her half-parted lips, her kindling eyes, and the moonlight encircling her head, with its wealth of chestnut hair, like a dim aureole.

"Laurence," she murmured, "I used to think that I could never love, because I could not first trust those one meets in society—but you I both love and trust."

On that hour I will not linger, but should I live to the age of the old patriarchs I could not recall the scene without a thrill, which would stir my heart to its profoundest depths. At last we went back to the drawing-room, and asked the rector's sanction to our betrothal. He started from his musings, and his dim eyes shone through a mist of tears.

"I am overjoyed to give my sanction to your betrothal—nothing could please me better. I may die ere long, and, if I do, it will sweeten my last hours to know Victoria will be happy when I am gone. Kneel, and receive an old man's blessing."

We knelt before him, he raised his thin, pale hands, and exclaimed,

"May God deal with you as you deal with each other, my children. Should you be called to pass through the fiery furnace, may shining ones walk at your side, and at last may you be so happy as to tread the golden streets of that city which has no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it; where there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, and he that is athirst shall drink of the water of life freely. Amen."

I glanced at my betrothed. She was weeping, but her head had sunk on my shoulder, and her small hand tightened its clasp of mine.

(To be continued.)

This is a dangerous period of the year for colds. People should be careful. Mrs. Partington says she has got a romantic affection in her shoulder, the necrology in her head, and the embargo in the region of the jocular vein; and all from opening the window to throw a bottle at two belligerent cats on the shed.



## THE SOLDIER'S LAST THOUGHT.

Is that mother bending o'er me  
As she sang my cradle hymn—  
Kneeling there in tears before me?  
Say?—my sight is growing dim.

Comes she from the old home lowly,  
Out among the northern hills,  
To her pet boy dying slowly  
Of war's battle wounds and ills?

Mother! oh, we bravely battled—  
Battled till the day was done;  
While the leaden hailstorm rattled—  
Man to man, and gun to gun.

But we failed—and I am dying—  
Dying in my boyhood's years—  
There—no weeping, self-denying—  
Noble deaths demand no tears!

Fold your arms again around me;  
Press again my aching head;  
Sing the lullaby you sang me—  
Kiss me, mother, ere I'm dead!

## GEN. TOM THUMB.

## Some Account of Him—His Discovery—His Travels and His Courtship.

"How far that little candle throws his beams!"  
Merchant of Venice, Act V., Scene 1.

FOR his size, Charles S. Stratton, better known as Gen. Tom Thumb, is, beyond a question, the most widely celebrated man of his day. From an obscure child in a Connecticut town he became, in a few years, the guest of the proudest monarchs of Europe, the wonder of the day, "the observed of all observers," and the possessor of a truly princely fortune. It is true that so much was not accomplished by him unaided, but his natural intelligence and ready wit materially assisted the shrewd, daring and enterprising man under whose charge he emerged from obscurity to become the "cynosure of every eye."

The meeting between Phineas T. Barnum and little Stratton was purely accidental. It was in this way. In 1842 Barnum was in Albany on business, intending to return by boat, but as the Hudson river was frozen, he determined to return to New York via the Housatonic railroad. He stopped in Bridgeport one night, and there heard of an extraordinary small child, from his brother Philo F. Barnum. An interview was immediately procured, and an engagement concluded for four weeks at the very low rate of three dollars per week. Barnum thus describes the appearance of young Stratton at that time, the child being then only five years old. "He was the smallest child I ever saw that could walk alone. He was not two feet in height and weighed less than 16 pounds. He was a bright-eyed little fellow, with light hair and ruddy cheeks, was perfectly healthy, and as symmetrical as an Apollo."

Young Stratton made his first public appearance in December, 1842, at Barnum's Museum, as Gen. Tom Thumb, "just arrived from England!" and 11 years of age. These were two bold announcements, and trenched somewhat upon the limits of truth, but the good-natured and ever gullible public swallowed the statement with avidity, and rushed in crowds to attend the levees of the wonderful little foreign General.

The result of the first four weeks' engagement decided the fate of the General. Barnum saw that he had found a gold mine in little Stratton, the products of which would prove almost inexhaustible if properly and energetically managed. So the General was re-engaged for one year at seven dollars per week, with a gratuity of \$50 at the close of the engagement. Barnum was privileged to exhibit him in any section of the United States, but he was to pay the board and travelling expenses of the parents of the child. Long before the close of the year Barnum voluntarily increased the General's salary to \$25 per week, and afterwards engaged him for another year at a weekly salary of \$50, with the privilege of exhibiting him in Europe.

The child did not grow in this time, so that Barnum's deception in doubling his age—in making him 11 years old instead of five—was not discovered. It became then evident to the shrewd "showman" that the General was not simply a small child of his age, but in reality a dwarf. He is, indeed, a strange freak of nature; born of parents of the usual size, and surrounded by brothers and sisters who would pass muster among the full-grown people of society, the little General, perfectly formed and possessing a full proportionate amount of intelligence, is still, at 25 years of age, nearly as much of a dwarf as, when only five years old, he made his first bow before a public assemblage.

Barnum, about this time, began to think seriously of transferring his charge to England and making a bold dash at Buckingham Palace. He argued rightly, that to get at the pockets of those reticent islanders you must strike at the head, and that the Queen being the head and front of rank, fashion and wealth, a bold dash at the regal residence and an interview with her gracious Majesty must be effected somehow or other.

They started for England, Barnum having armed himself with a bushel of introductory letters, and landed at Liverpool in February, 1844, the General being smuggled on shore under his mother's shawl, to prevent the crowd which had assembled from seeing the little fellow gratis. It was rather an ignominious way of entering a land from which a few years later he was to depart a conqueror, loaded with the gifts of the sovereigns and the spoils of the sightseeing populations of Europe.

Barnum for a few days was somewhat despondent, for he found dwarf exhibitions very much at a discount. Some of his acquaintances advised him to exhibit Gen. Tom Thumb at one penny (two cents) per head, and the most encouraging only placed the admission price as high as two pence (four cents). This raised the dander of the irresistible Barnum, and he vowed to himself "Never shall the price be less than one shilling sterling, and some of the nobility and gentry of England will yet pay gold to see Gen. Tom Thumb." The fame of the General in Liverpool brought Mr. Maddox, the manager of the Princess's Theatre, London, down to see him. An engagement was speedily entered upon, and Gen. Tom Thumb and his suite were transferred to the great Babel of the world, London, the centre point of wealth, fashion and exclusiveness, and the starting point of the great fortunes of Barnum and his protégé.

Barnum at once attacked the stronghold of the aristocracy. He took a furnished house in Grafton street, Bond street, West End, in the centre of fashion. Lord Brougham and half a dozen families of the blood aristocracy, and many of the prominent gentry, were his neighbors. The house had been occupied by Lord Talbot for several years previously. From that magnificent mansion he sent letters of invitation to the editors and several of the nobility to visit the General. Most of them came, and were, of course, both surprised and delighted, for the General had by this time outgrown his bashfulness, and his sprightly conversation, singular self-possession, smart repartee and various accomplishments amused every intelligent visitor. His fame spread abroad so rapidly in high circles, that uninvited parties drove to the door in crested carriages, and were not admitted. This was a magnificent stroke of policy, for it savored of that exclusiveness so dear to English society, and naturally increased the curiosity to see the famous little American a hundredfold.

Previous to the public appearance of the General, the Baroness Rothschild sent her carriage for him and Mr. Barnum, where he met a very noble party, by whom he was kindly received, and from whom at parting he received a heavy purse as a token of their admiration. He received similar honors and testimonials from other distinguished individuals, among them Edward Everett, our Minister in England, Mr. Drummond, the banker, etc. But Barnum aimed at the Palace, and nothing less would suit his vaulting ambition. Mr. Everett promised to use his influence, but good luck brought the right man on the scene, in the person of Mr. Charles Murray, the Master of the Queen's Household. He was delighted with Gen. Tom Thumb, and promised to bring about an interview with the Queen in a few days. He was as good as his word, for very shortly after came the scarcely expected but long desired royal invitation or command. The interview which succeeded is so graphically described by Barnum, that we give his own words:

"On arriving at the palace, the Lord in Waiting put me 'under drill' as to the matter and form in which I should conduct myself in the presence of royalty. I was to answer all questions by her Majesty through him, and in no event to speak directly to the Queen. In leaving the royal presence I was to 'back out,' keeping my face towards her Majesty. How I profited by his instructions will presently appear. Her Majesty, Prince Albert, the Duchess of Kent and 20 or 30 of the nobility were awaiting our arrival. They were standing at the farther end of the room when the doors were thrown open, and the General toddled in, looking like a wax doll gifted with the power of locomotion. The General advanced with a firm step, and as he came within hailing distance, made a very graceful bow, and exclaimed, 'Good evening, ladies and gentlemen!'

"A burst of laughter followed this salutation. The Lord then took him by the hand, led him about the gallery, and asked him many questions, the answers to which kept the party in an unintermitted strain of merriment. The General familiarly informed the Queen that her picture-gallery was first-rate, and told her that he should like to see the Prince of Wales. The Queen replied that the Prince had retired to rest, but that he should see him on some future occasion. The General then gave his songs, dances and imitations, and after a conversation with Prince Albert and all present, which continued for more than an hour, we were permitted to depart."

The affability of Queen Victoria made Barnum forget his "drill" lessons, and he was soon addressing her personally in answer to questions preferred. The Lord in Waiting was shocked at this daring breach of Court etiquette, but as Her Majesty evidently encouraged the loquacity of General Tom Thumb's guardian, he could not, of course, make any objection. Barnum thus continues: "The Lord in Waiting was perhaps mollified towards me when he saw me following his illustrious example in retiring from the royal presence. He was accustomed to the process, and therefore was able to keep somewhat ahead (or rather aback) of me, but even I stepped rather fast for the other member of the retiring party. We had a considerable distance to travel in that long gallery before reaching the door, and whenever the General found he was losing ground he turned around and ran a few steps, then resumed the position of 'backing out,' then turned around and ran, and so continued to alternate his methods of getting to the door, until the gallery fairly rang with the merriment of the royal spectators. It was really one of the richest scenes I ever saw, especially the concluding section. Running, under the circumstances, was an offence sufficiently heinous to excite the indignation of the Queen's favorite poodle-dog, and he vented his displeasure by barking so sharply as to startle the General from his propriety. He, however, recovered immediately, and with his little cane commenced on the poodle, and a funny fight ensued, which renewed and increased the merriment of the royal party."

Of their second interview Barnum says: "We were ushered into this gorgeous drawing-room before the Queen and the royal circle had left the dining-room, and, as they approached, the General bowed respectfully and remarked to her Majesty 'that he had seen her before,' adding, 'I think this is a prettier room than the picture-gallery—that chandelier is very fine!'"

"The Queen smilingly took him by the hand and said she hoped he was very well."

"Yes, ma'am," he replied, "I am first-rate!"

"General," continued the Queen, "this is the Prince of Wales."

"How are you, Prince?" said the General, shaking him by the hand; and then standing beside the Prince, he remarked: "The Prince is taller than I am, but I feel as big as anybody!" upon which he strutted up and down the room as proud as a peacock, amid shouts of laughter from all present.

"The Queen then introduced the Princess Royal, and the General immediately led her to his elegant little sofa, which we took with us, and with much politeness sat himself down beside her. Shortly after rising from his seat, he went through his various performances as before, and the Queen handed him an elegant and costly souvenir, which had been expressly made for him by her order; for which he told her 'he was very much obliged, and would keep it as long as he lived.'"

Tom Thumb was granted yet another interview, and after each visit a handsome *dougar* was sent to Mr. Barnum. It can be readily understood that these repeated visits to royalty were made the most of by Mr. Barnum. He had made most of the editors his friends, and the papers registered every day the wonderful triumphs of Tom Thumb, his favor at the Palace, and how invitations poured in upon him from the highest blood in the land to be present at their gorgeous parties, made expressly for him. How all this told upon the public at large, may be well imagined. It aroused a perfect madness to see

him, and from his first to his last appearance at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, the rush and the crush continued unabated. Three times a day was the great hall filled and emptied, and frequently, at the fashionable hour, from 50 to 60 carriages would be waiting at the doors for their titled proprietors. For five months this continued, the receipts averaging over £100 per day, without counting the private parties, two of an evening sometimes, for each of which ten guineas were paid. The profits of this engagement, exclusive of valuable presents, may be fairly estimated at nearly £20,000 sterling. How many full-grown men have earned by their idiosyncrasies so vast a sum in so brief a space of time?

During the three years the General remained abroad, he visited nearly every town in England and Scotland and some cities in Ireland. In Dublin his receipts on the last day, after having exhibited the previous week in the great Rotunda Hall, were £261, or \$1,305.

In France he visited Louis Philippe and his amiable family many times. On the last occasion he represented Napoleon Bonaparte in full costume, for the first and only time in that country. The General made a great hit in Paris as an actor, performing nightly, for over two months, at one of the leading theatres, in a French play written expressly for him, entitled, "Petit Poucet." He also had the honor of being elected a member of the French Dramatic Society.

The General visited almost every town in France and many towns and cities in Belgium. He travelled with a grand array of carriages, and among the rest one covered one which contained his beautiful carriage and little Belgium ponies. He made a pilgrimage, of course, to the field of Waterloo; it was a familiar place to him, as he had personated the great Napoleon so long. It is also confidently stated that when there he purchased, for certain moneys, a valuable relic in the shape of a small piece of the boot that covered the lamented leg which the Marquis of Anglesey lost in that terrible conflict. Barnum hesitated about buying "that boot" for his Museum; but on calculating to a nicety the time which had elapsed since the battle was fought, and making an average of the number of visitors to the field per year, he came to the conclusion that "that boot" was the 99,867th boot that had been cut up into relics, and he felt that even he could hardly have the impudence to foist it upon a confiding public as the "original boot."

The General closed his Continental exhibitions at Brussels, where his success was triumphant and prolonged, and left immediately for London, the scene of his early triumphs, and the place where the largest gold deposit was found.

His levees again became the fashion and the rage, and the General renewed his amicable relations with the highest nobles of the land. Of course the *début* of his Continental tour, his acknowledged intimacy with the then reigning family in France, gave him a new prestige and raised his popularity higher than ever, and with the increase of popularity came increased curiosity and increased receipts.

The General's interview with the Queen Dowager Adelaide was one of the pleasantest of all his experiences, for the good and noble lady treated him with a kindness which was truly motherly. He went in his court dress, consisting of a richly embroidered brown silk-velvet coat and short breeches, white satin vest with fancy-colored embroidery, white silk stockings and pumps, bagwig, cocked hat and a dress sword.

"Why, General," said the Dowager Queen, "I think you look very smart to-day."

"I guess I do," said the General complacently. A large party of the nobility were present. The old Duke of Cambridge, the Queen's uncle, offered the General a pinch of snuff from his box, which he very politely declined.

After he had performed his songs and his dances, and improvised some smart and rather pointed jokes, the kindhearted Queen took him upon her lap and said to him:

"Dear little General, I see you have no watch! Will you permit me to present you with a watch and chain?"

"I would like it very much," said the General, his eyes glistening with joy as he spoke.

"I will have them made expressly for you," responded the Queen Dowager, and the interview closed, leaving the General in delighted anticipation of the presents to come. And come they did.

A few weeks after he was again summoned with Mr. Barnum to Marlborough House. The Queen Dowager had collected for the occasion a large number of the children of the nobility. After passing a few compliments with the General, Queen Adelaide presented him with a beautiful little gold watch, placing the chain around his neck with her own hands. The little fellow was delighted, and hardly knew how sufficiently to express his thanks. The good Queen gave him some excellent advice in regard to his morals, proving every way her deep and sincere interest in the welfare of the little stranger from a kindred land.

The Duke of Wellington called often to see the General at his levees. The first time he called the General was personating the Duke's great rival, Napoleon Bonaparte, marching up and down the platform, and apparently taking snuff in deep meditation. He was introduced to the Duke, who asked him what he was thinking about.

"I was thinking of the loss of the battle of Waterloo," was the General's immediate reply. This was so apt and so ready witted that it was published all over the country, and Barnum considered that it was worth to them thousands of pounds.

On the return of the General to America, he appeared for four weeks at Barnum's Museum. The people thronged to see him; thousands were turned from the doors daily, and the receipts exceeded those of any similar period since the founding of the Museum. The General after this occupied some time in visiting his friends, who were not a little surprised and delighted at the refined and courtly manners of the little "Charlie," who left them a few years before an untutored child.

It must be borne in mind that the Strattons had become rich. For two years they had been equal partners with Mr. Barnum, and had consequently shared in the enormous profits of the European tour. Immediately on his return to America, Mr. Stratton, the General's father, after settling a large sum upon his son, placed the balance out at interest upon bond and mortgage, with the exception of \$30,000, with which he purchased land near the city limits of Bridgeport, and built a handsome mansion where the family reside.

After a few months rest and quiet enjoyment, the General, with his parents and Mr. Barnum, started for a tour of the United States for the period of one year. Their success was simply extraordinary. In Philadelphia for instance, in twelve days, they realised \$5,594 91, and in Providence, in one day, they realised \$976 97.

They extended their journey to Havana, returning home by way of the Mississippi, and everywhere the

General was received with the utmost courtesy and consideration, making and receiving visits from the most distinguished people of the land. The profits of this year's labor must have exceeded considerably over \$120,000.

At the close of the above engagement Mr. Barnum ceased to travel with the General, but their connection was by means dissolved; a trusty agent took the place of Mr. Barnum, and a larger share of the profits consequently fell to the Strattons.

From time to time General Tom Thumb has flashed upon our metropolitan public, but the field of his operations has for several years been outside of New York.

Personally Charles S. Stratton, General Tom Thumb no longer, is known to almost every one in the country, old or young; all remember his grace, his humor and his wit, but few know him as he really is. The petting he has received in all countries and among all classes has not spoiled him, neither is he the unthinking humorist that his habits would lead one to suppose. He is, on the contrary, a man of the world and a man of business, managing his large property with a judgment and care worthy of an older and a larger head. He was very fortunate to have found in early life so shrewd a patron, and afterwards so true a friend as Phineas T. Barnum, and it is pleasant to know that that warm and friendly relationship still exists.

We have hitherto talked of the General as a bachelor, but we have now to look upon him from a more interesting point of view—that of a married man. Nature, it seems, in her wonderful laws of compensation had provided a suitable mate for one, who, as the smallest man in the world, had been the wonder of the world, and this predestined bride is Miss Lavinia Warren. They met, of course, by chance, as the song says, but a juvenile blind god was about at the moment, and the electric spark of love entered at once the bosom of both. They were introduced at Boston, but the meeting was of short duration, and nothing transpired to indicate the course that love was taking, save the interchange of glances. The mother of Lavinia, who was present, looked upon Mr. Stratton as a rival to her daughter, and made him the subject of criticism. She thought he was proud and aristocratic; besides, he was cultivating a moustache, which was very offensive to her. When the little "Queen of Beauty" arrived at the St. Nicholas Hotel, in New York, she was visited by the *élite* and *literati* of Gotham, and among her many admirers was Mr. Stratton, whose eyes had been entangled with hers at their first meeting in Boston.

Whatever may have been her emotions, with true womanly secretiveness she kept them to herself, saying little or nothing about the little beau, who was now completely smitten by her. When she made a contract with Mr. Barnum to appear before the public, Mr. S. found peculiar attractions at the Museum; and, turning his back upon Bridgeport, and making the Museum his headquarters, he watched for opportunities to secure the society of Miss W.

Mr. Stratton made an early avowal of his passion, and Miss Warren, who dislikes affectation, and who is as truthful as she is fascinating, did not discourage the attentions of her lover. She acknowledged that his society was very agreeable to her, and that his absence was to her a source of pain. Emboldened by the encouragement which he met, he courageously "popped the question," to which Miss W. replied that she loved him, but could not agree to marry him without the consent of her parents; and "you know," she added, archly, "that mother objects to your moustache."

"I will cut that off and my ears also, if that will induce you to give an affirmative answer to my question." No time was lost in ascertaining the opinion of the parents of Miss Warren; indeed, so anxious was Mr. Stratton to know their decision that he dispatched a messenger to Massachusetts, the next day, to find out the fate that awaited him in the future.

In due time the messenger came, and the report was favorable. Had the report been adverse to their wishes it would not have prevented the alliance, for the parties were of age and competent, in every sense of that word, to act for themselves. Mr. Stratton has an ample fortune, and the financiering skill and experience to take care of it. Miss Warren, being of age, had a right to accept the hand and the heart of the gallant little General.

At first it was announced that the wedding would take place on St. Valentine's day, but Mr. Stratton did not like to delay the ceremony, although Mr. Barnum exerted the utmost of his endeavors to have him postpone the tying of the nuptial knot as long as possible, since the "little woman" was a star of attraction that crowded the Museum day and night, and Mr. Stratton had said, with emphasis, that Miss Warren should not be exhibited after she had become his wife, not even to oblige his good friend and patron Mr. Barnum.

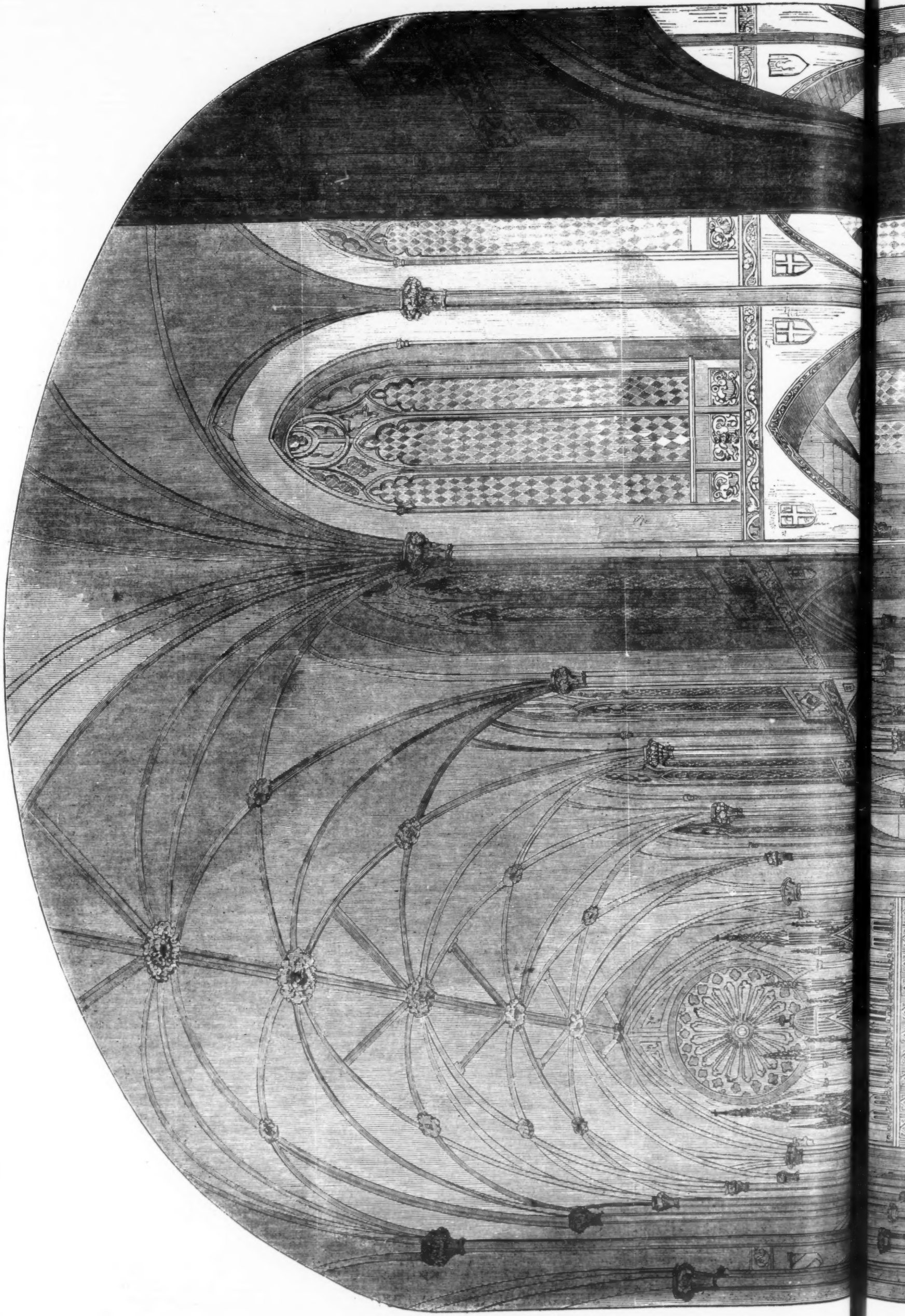
The interesting ceremony took place in Grace Church on Tuesday, the 10th inst., full particulars of which will be given in our next. In the meantime, as every one wants to know something about the personal appearance of the General's bride, we give a prototype of the charming young lady.

Miss Lavinia Warren was born, Oct. 31, 1842, in Middleboro', Mass., where her parents, who are in comfortable circumstances, now reside.

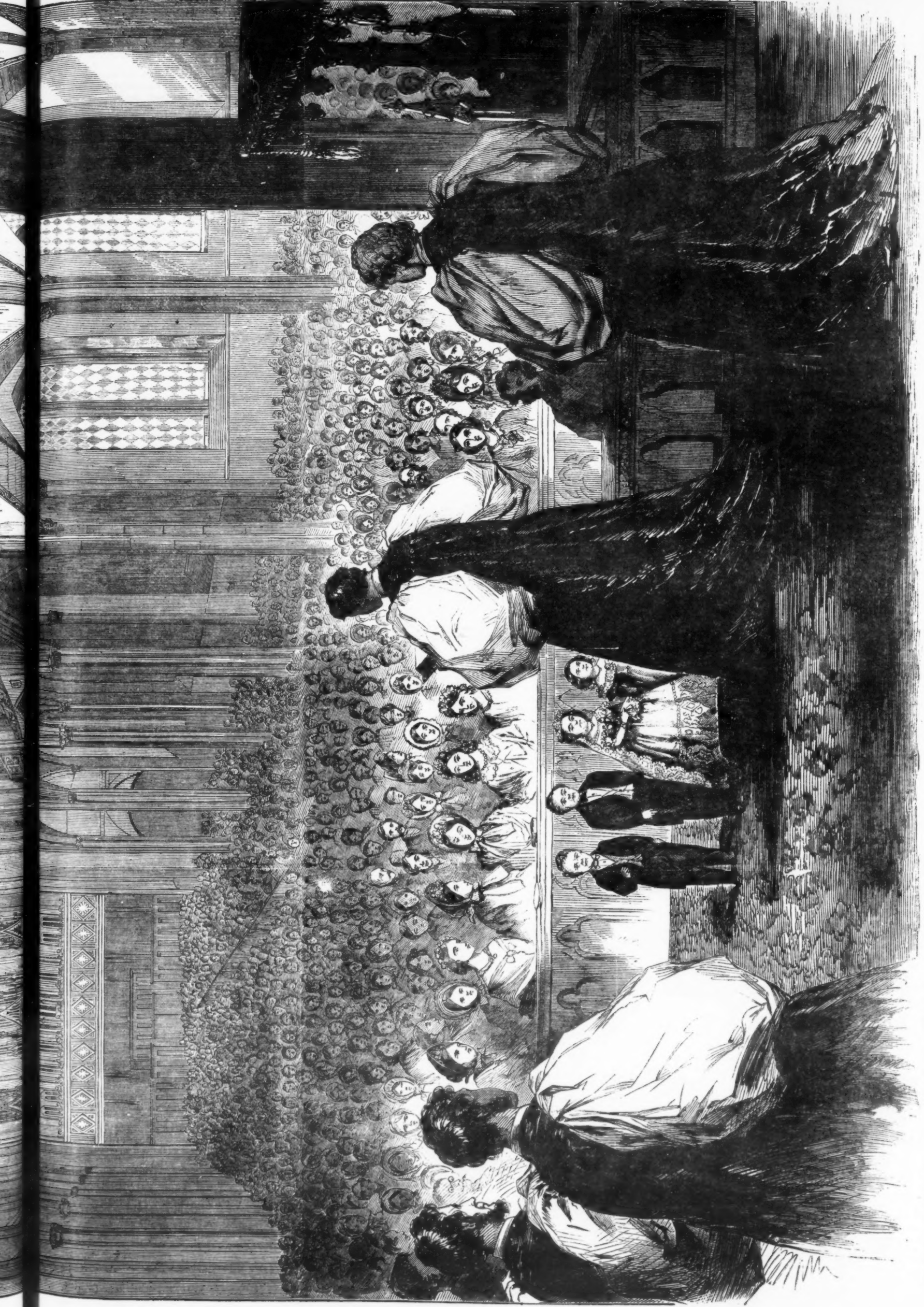
Until she was a year old, she was of the usual size; from that time she increased in stature slowly and ceased growing entirely when she was ten years of age. She attended school regularly with other children in the neighborhood, and found no difficulty whatever in keeping up with them in the classes she attended. At home, her good mother taught her how to sew, knit, cook, and do all manner of housework, so that she is really a good housekeeper. She also has a knowledge of fancy work, practised by ladies who have the leisure to devote themselves to it. She is, in a word, an accomplished lady—intelligent, pleasant, modest and agreeable. Although she has only the stature of a small child, she has the sense of a woman. She speaks like an educated, full-grown woman, and selects such topics of conversation as a mature woman would select. Her size is that of a child, her language that of an adult. She is a woman in miniature, weighing 29 pounds and measuring 32 inches in height. The reader may choose from his lady acquaintances a sparkling woman, with dark hair and black eyes, symmetrical figure and soft voice, and, in his imagination, reduce her to the dimensions above named, leaving her mental and moral faculties fully expanded, and he will have an idea of this charming little woman; or, he may reverse the picture, and select a child of perfect mold, with a finely-arched brow, dimpled cheeks, large, lustrous eyes, a nicely chiseled mouth, a rich harvest of hair, and suddenly endow her with all the attributes and accomplishments of womanhood—a heart to love, a head to contrive, and a hand to execute; giving her wit, imagination, humor, judgment, etc., and he can form some idea of Miss Lavinia Warren, the bride of Gen. Tom Thumb.

Card Photographs of the bride and bridegroom have been published by Anthony, 501 Broadway.









THE FAIRY WEDDING—THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY OF CHARLES S. STRATTON (GEN. TOM THUMB) AND MISS LAVINIA WARREN (THE QUEEN OF BEAUTY), SOLEMNIZED AT GRACE CHURCH, BROADWAY, N. Y., FEB. 10



## THE FORTUNE-HUNTER'S SECOND CHOICE.

BY A. M. H. FREEMAN.

"SWEET maiden of the dreamy eyes, lift up thy lowly head,  
 Restrain that look of proud surprise—my lady-wife is dead!  
 The chains that 'round my restive heart her money did enfold,  
 Have flown as the wild hunter's dart, her grave lies damp and cold!"

"And now upon thy choice I press her jewels and her land—  
 The brimful cup of happiness her wealth could not command!  
 Nay, start not—shrink not thus away—my heart's whole love is thine,  
 I scarce can wait the longed-for day that joins thy hand to mine!"

"Away! and o'er thy young bride's grave shed time's repentant tear,  
 I'd rather trust the ocean's wave than thy love bought so dear!  
 The poor, chilled heart thy falsehood broke may never wake again,  
 Its pulse stilled by the anvil-stroke of thy great greed of gain."

"The spring's sweet flowers may blossom o'er that grave's deserted spot,  
 Yet summer's sun can ne'er restore the love so soon forgot!  
 So thou canst never win this heart to take her vacant place,  
 Time cannot change thy acted part, nor her deep wrongs efface."

## VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "EAST LYNNE."

As the boat drew up to the Temple pier, the only person waiting to embark was a woman, a little body in a brown faded silk dress. Whether, seeing his additional freight was to be so trifling, the manager of the steamer did not take the usual care to bring it alongside, certain it is that in some way the woman fell in stepping on board, her knees on the boat, her feet hanging down to the water. Lionel, who was sitting near, sprang forward and pulled her out of danger.

"I declare I never ought to come aboard these nasty steamers!" she exclaimed, as he placed her in a seat. "I'm greatly obliged to you, sir; I might have gone in else; there's no saying. The last time I was aboard one I was in danger of being killed. I fell through the port-hole, sir."

"Indeed!" responded Lionel, who could not be so discourteous as not to answer. "Perhaps your sight is not good?"

"Well, yes it is, sir, as good as most folks' at middle age. I get timid aboard 'em, and it makes me confused and awkward, and I suppose I don't mind where I put my feet. This was in Liverpool, sir, a week or two ago. It was a passenger ship just in from Australia, and the bustle and confusion aboard was dreadful—they say it's mostly so with them vessels that are coming home. I had gone down to meet my husband, sir; he has been away four years—and it's a pity he ever went, for all the good he has done. But he's back safe himself, so I must not grumble."

"That's something," said Lionel.

"True, sir. It would have been a strange thing if I had lost my life just as he had come home. And I should, but for a gentleman on board. He seized hold of me by the middle, and somehow contrived to drag me up again. A strong man he must have been! I shall always remember him with gratitude, I'm sure; as I shall you, sir. His name, my husband told me after, was Massingbird."

All Lionel's inertness was gone at the sound of the name. "Massingbird!" he repeated.

"Yes, sir. He had come home in the ship from the same port as my husband—Melbourne. Quite a gentleman, my husband said he was, with grand relations in England. He had not been out there over long—hardly as long as my husband, I fancy—and my husband don't think he has made much—any more than himself has."

Lionel had regained all his outward impassiveness. He stood by the talkative woman, his arms folded. "What sort of a looking man was this Mr. Massingbird?" he asked. "I knew a gentleman once of that name, who went to Australia."

The woman glanced up at him, measuring his height. "I should say he was as tall as you, sir, or close upon it, but he was broader made, and had got a stoop in the shoulders. He was dark; had dark eyes and hair, and a pale face. Not the clear paleness of your face, sir, but one of them sallow faces that get darker and yellower with travelling; never red."

Every word was as fresh testimony to the suspicion that it was Frederick Massingbird. "Had he a black mark upon his cheek?" inquired Lionel.

"Likely he might have had, sir, but I couldn't see his cheeks. He wore a sort of fur cap with the ears tied down. My husband saw a good bit of him on the voyage, though he was only a middle-deck passenger, and the gentleman was a cabin. His friends have had a surprise before this," she continued, after a pause. He told my husband that they all supposed him dead; had thought he had been dead this two years and more past, and he had never sent home to contradict it."

Then it was Frederick Massingbird! Lionel Verner quitted the woman's side, and leaned over the rail of the steamer, apparently watching the water. He could not, by any dint of reasoning or

supposition, make out the mystery. How Frederick Massingbird could be alive, or being alive, why he had not come home before to claim Sibylla—why he had not claimed her before she left Australia—why he did not claim her now he was come. A man without a wife might go roving where he would and as long as he would, letting his friends think him dead if it pleased him; but a man with a wife could not, in his sane senses, be supposed to act so. It was a strange thing his meeting with this woman—a singular coincidence, one that he would hardly have believed, if related to him, as happening to another.

It was striking five when he again knocked at Dr. Cannonby's. He wished to see Captain Cannonby still; it would be the crowning confirmation; but he had no doubt whatever that that gentleman's report would be, "I saw Frederick Massingbird die, as I believed—and I quitted him immediately. I conclude that I must have been in error in supposing he was dead."

Dr. Cannonby had returned, the servant said. He desired Lionel to walk in, and threw open the door of the room. Seven or eight people were sitting in it waiting. The servant had evidently mistaken him for a patient, and placed him there to wait his turn with the rest. He took his card from his pocket, wrote on it a few words, and desired the servant to carry it to his master.

The man came back with an apology. "I beg your pardon, sir. Will you step this way?"

The physician was bowing a lady out as he entered the room—a room lined with books, and containing casts of heads. He came forward to shake hands, a cordial-mannered man. He knew Lionel by reputation, but had never seen him.

"My visit was not to you, but to your brother," explained Lionel. "I was in hopes to have found him here."

"Then he and you have been playing at cross-purposes to-day," remarked the doctor with a smile. "Lawrence started this morning for Verner's Pride."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Lionel. "Cross purposes indeed!" he uttered to himself.

"He heard some news in Paris which concerned you, I believe, and hastened home to pay you a visit."

"Which concerned me?" repeated Lionel.

"Or rather Mrs. Massingbird—Mrs. Verner, I should say."

A sickly smile crossed Lionel's lips. Mrs. Massingbird! Was it already known?

"Why," he asked, "did you call her Mrs. Massingbird?"

"I beg your pardon for my inadvertence, Mr. Verner," was the reply of Dr. Cannonby. "Lawrence knew her as Mrs. Massingbird, and on his return from Australia he frequently spoke of her to me as Mrs. Massingbird, so that I got into the habit of thinking of her as such. It was not until he went to Paris that he heard she had exchanged the name for that of Verner."

A thought crossed Lionel that this was the news which had taken Captain Cannonby down to him. He might know of the existence of Frederick Massingbird, and had gone to break the news to him, Lionel; to tell him that his wife was not his wife.

"You do not know precisely what his business was with me?" he inquired, quite wistfully.

"No, I don't. I don't know that it was much beyond the pleasure of seeing you and Mrs. Verner."

Lionel rose.

"If I—"

"But you will stay and dine with me, Mr. Verner?"

"Thank you, I am going back at once. I wish to be home this evening, if possible, and there's nothing to hinder it now."

"A letter or two has come for Lawrence since the morning," observed the doctor as he shook hands. "Will you take charge of them for him?"

"With pleasure."

Dr. Cannonby turned to a letter rack over the mantelpiece, selected three letters from it, and handed them to Lionel.

Back again all the weary way. His strong suspicions were no longer suspicions now, but confirmed certainties. The night grew dark—it was not darker than the cloud which had fallen upon his spirit.

Thought was busy with his brain. How could it be otherwise? Should he get home to find the news public property? Had Captain Cannonby made it known to Sibylla? Most fervently did he hope not. Better that he, Lionel, should be by her side to help her to bear it when the dreadful news came out. Next came another thought. Suppose Frederick Massingbird should have discovered himself? Should have gone to Verner's Pride to take possession—his home now, his wife. Lionel might get back to find that he had no longer a place there.

Lionel found his carriage waiting at the station. He had ordered it to be so. Wigham was with it. A very coward now, he scarcely dared ask questions.

"Has Captain Cannonby arrived at the house to-day, do you know, Wigham?"

"Who, sir?"

"A strange gentleman from London. Captain Cannonby."

"I can't rightly say, sir. I have been about in the stables all day. I saw a strange gentleman cross the yard just at dinner-time, one I'd never seen afore. May be it was him."

A feeling came over Lionel that he could not see Captain Cannonby before them all. Better send for him to a private room, and get the communication over. What his after course would be was another matter. Yes, better in all ways.

"Drive round to the yard, Wigham," he said, as the coachman was about to turn on to the terrace. And Wigham obeyed.

He got out. He went in at the back door, almost

as if he were slinking into the house stealthily, traversed the passages, and gained the lighted hall. At the very moment that he put his foot on its tessellated floor, a sudden commotion was heard up the stairs. A door was flung open, and Sibylla, with cheeks inflamed and breath panting, flew down, her convulsive cries echoing through the house. She saw Lionel, and threw herself into his arms.

"Oh, Lionel, what is this wicked story?" she sobbed. "It is not true! It cannot be true that I am not your wife and—"

"Hush, my darling!" he whispered, placing his hand across her mouth. "We are not alone!"

They certainly were not! Out of the drawing-rooms, out of the dining-room, had poured the guests; out of the kitchen came peeping the servants. Deborah West stood on the stairs like a statue, her hands clasped, and Mademoiselle Benoit frantically inquired what anybody had been doing to her mistress. All stared in amazement. She in that terrible state of agitation, Lionel supporting her with his white and haughty face.

"It is nothing," he said, waving them off. "Mrs. Verner is not well. Come with me, Sibylla."

Waving them off still, he drew her into the study, closed the door and bolted it. She clung to him like one in the extremity of terror, her throat heaving convulsively.

"Oh, Lionel! is it true that he is come back? That he did not die? What will become of me? Tell me that they have been deceiving me: that it is not true!"

He could not tell her so. He wound his arms tenderly round her and held her face to his breast, and laid his own down upon it. "Strive for calmness," he murmured, his heart aching for her. "I will protect you so long as I shall have the power."

Miss Deborah West did not believe in ghosts. Miss Deb, setting aside a few personal weaknesses and vanities, was a strong-minded female, and no more believed in ghosts than she did in Master Cheese's delicate constitution, which required to be supplied with an unlimited quantity of tarts and other dainties to keep up his strength between meals. The commotion respecting Frederick Massingbird, that his ghost had arrived from Australia and "walked," reached the ears of Miss Deb.

Though not much inclined to reticence in general, she observed it now, saying nothing to Anilly. The storm came on, and they sat and watched it. Supper time approached, and Master Cheese was punctual.

Deborah West lay awake through the five-long night, tossing from side to side in her perplexity and thought. Something strict in her notions, she deemed it a matter of stern necessity, of positive duty, that Sibylla should retire, at any rate, for a time, from the scenes of busy life. To enable her to do this, the news must be broken to her. But how?

Ay, how? Deborah West rose in the morning with the difficulty unsolved. She supposed she must do it herself. She believed it was as much a duty laid upon her, the imparting these tidings to Sibylla, as the separating herself from all social ties, the instant it was so imparted, would be the duty of Sibylla herself. Deborah West went about her occupations that morning, one imperative sentence ever in her thoughts: "It must be done! it must be done!"

She carried it about with her, ever saying it, through the whole day. She shrank, both for Sibylla's sake and her own, from the task she was imposing upon herself; and, as we all do when we have an unpleasant office to perform, she put it off to the last. Early in the morning she had said I will go to Verner's Pride after breakfast and tell her; breakfast over, she said I will have my dinner first and go then.

But the afternoon passed on, and she did not go. Every little trivial domestic duty was made an excuse for delaying it. Miss Amilly, finding her sister unusually bad company, went out to drink tea with some friends. The time came for ordering in tea at home, and still Deborah had not gone.

She made the tea and presided at the table. But she could eat nothing—to the inward gratification of Master Cheese. There happened to be shrimps—a dish which that gentleman preferred, if anything, to pickled herrings, and by Miss Deborah's want of appetite he was able to secure her share and his own, including the heads and tails. He would uncommonly have liked to secure Jan's share also; but Miss Deborah filled a plate and put them aside against Jan came in. Jan's pressure of work caused him of late to be irregular at his meals.

Scarcely was the tea over, and Master Cheese gone, when Mr. Bourne called. Deborah, the one thought uppermost in her mind, closed the door, and spoke out what she had heard. The terrible fear, her own distress, Jan's belief that it was Fred himself, Jan's representation that Mr. Bourne also believed it. Mr. Bourne, leaning forward until his pale face and his iron gray hair nearly touched hers, whispered in answer that he did not think there was a doubt of it.

Then Deborah did nerve herself to the task. On the departure of the vicar she started for Verner's Pride and asked to see Sibylla. The servants would have shown her to the drawing-room, but she preferred to go up to Sibylla's chamber. The company were yet in the dining-room.

How long Sibylla kept her waiting there she scarcely knew. Sibylla was not in the habit of putting herself to inconvenience for her sisters. The message was taken to her—that Miss West waited in her chamber—as she entered the drawing-room. And there Sibylla let her wait. One or two more messages to the same effect were delivered; they produced no impression, and Deborah began to think she should not get to see her that night.

But Sibylla came up at length, and Deborah entered upon her task. Whether she accomplished it clumsily, or whether Sibylla's ill-disciplined mind was wholly in fault, certain it is that there ensued

a loud and unpleasant scene. The scene to which you were a witness. Scarcely giving herself time to take in more than the bare fact hinted at by Deborah—that her first husband was believed to be alive—not waiting to inquire a single particular, she burst out of the room and went shrieking down the stairs, flying into the arms of Lionel, who at that moment had entered.

Lionel could not speak comfort to her. Or, at the best, comfort of a most negative nature. He held her to him in the study, the door locked against intruders. They were somewhat at cross-purposes. Lionel supposed that the information had been imparted to her by Captain Cannonby; he never doubted but that she had been told Frederick Massingbird had returned and was on the scene; that he might come in any moment—even that very present one as they spoke—to put in his claim to her. Sibylla, on the contrary, did not think (what little she was capable of thinking) that Lionel had had previous information of the matter.

"What am I to do?" she cried, her emotion becoming hysterical. "Oh, Lionel! don't you give me up!"

"I would have got here earlier had there been means," he soothingly said, wisely evading all answer to the last suggestion. "I feared he would be telling you in my absence; better that you should have heard of it from me."

She lifted her face to look at him. "Then you know it?"

"I have known it this day or two. My journey to-day—"

She broke out into a violent fit of emotion, shrieking, trembling, clinging to Lionel, calling out at the top of her voice that she would not leave him. All his efforts were directed to stilling the noise. He implored her to be tranquil; to remember there were listeners around. He pointed out that until the blow actually fell, there was no necessity for those listeners to be made cognisant of it. All that he could do for her protection and comfort he would do, he earnestly said. And Sibylla subsided into a softer mood, and cried quietly.

"I'd rather die," she sobbed, "than have this disgrace brought upon me."

Lionel put her into the large armchair, which remained in the study still—the old armchair of Mr. Verner. He stood by her and held her hands, his pale face, grave, sad, loving, bent towards her with the most earnest sympathy. She lifted her eyes to it, whispering:

"Will they say you are not my husband?"

"Hush, Sibylla! There are moments, even yet, when I deceive myself into a fancy that it may be somehow averted. I cannot understand how he can be alive. Has Cannonby told you whence the error arose?"

She did not answer. She began to shake again; she tossed back her golden hair. Some blue ribbons had been wreathed on it for dinner; she pulled them out and threw them on the ground, her hair partially falling with their departure.

"I wish I could have some wine?"

He moved to the door to get it for her. "Don't you let her in, Lionel," she called out as he unlocked it.

"Who?"

"That Deborah. I hate her now," was the ungenerous remark.

Lionel opened the door, called to Tynn, and desired him to bring wine. "What time did Captain Cannonby get here?" he whispered as he took it from the butler.

"Who, sir?" asked Tynn.

"Captain Cannonby."

Tynn paused, like one who does not understand. "There's no gentleman here of that name, sir. A Mr. Rushworth called to-day, and my mistress asked him to stay dinner. He is in the drawing-room now. There is no other stranger."

"Has Captain Cannonby not been here at all?" reiterated Lionel. "He left London this morning to come."

Tynn shook his head to express a negative. "He has not arrived, sir."

Lionel went in again, his feelings undergoing a sort of reversion, for there now peeped out a glimmer of hope. So long as the nearly certain conviction on Lionel's mind was not confirmed by positive testimony—as he expected Captain Cannonby's would be—he could not entirely lose sight of all hope. That he most fervently prayed the blow might not fall, might even now be averted, you will readily believe. Sibylla had not been to him the wife he had fondly hoped for; she provoked him every hour in the day; she appeared to do what she could wilfully to estrange his affection. He was conscious of all this; he was all too conscious that his inmost love was another's, not hers; but he lost sight of himself in anxiety for her—it was for her sake he prayed and hoped. Whether she was his wife by law or not; whether she was loved or hated, Lionel's course of duty lay plain before him now—to shield her, as far as he might be allowed, in all care and tenderness. He would have shed his last drop of blood to promote her comfort—he would have sacrificed every feeling of his heart for her sake.

The wine in his hand, he turned into the room again. A change had taken place in her aspect. She had left the chair, and was standing against the wall opposite the door, her tears dried, her eyes unnaturally bright, her cheeks burning.

"Lionel," she uttered, a catching of the breath betraying her emotion, "if he is alive, whose is Verner's Pride?"

"His," replied Lionel, in a low tone.

She shrieked out, very much after the manner of a petulant child.

"I won't leave it—I won't leave Verner's Pride! You could not be so cruel as to wish me. Who says he is alive? Lionel, I ask you who it is that says he is alive?"

"Hush, my dear! This excitement will do you a world of harm, and it cannot mend the matter, however it may be. I want to know who told you



of this, Sibylla. I supposed it to be Cannonby; but Tynn says Cannonby has not been here."

The question appeared to divert her thoughts into another channel.

"Cannonby! What should bring him here? Did you expect him to come?"

"Drink your wine, and then I will tell you," he said, holding the glass towards her.

She pushed the wine from her capriciously. "I don't want wine now. I am hot. I should like some water."

"I will get it for you directly. Tell me, first of all, how you came to know of this?"

"Deborah told me. She sent for me out of the drawing-room where I was so happy, to tell me this horrid tale. Lionel"—sinking her voice again to a whisper—"is—he—here?"

"I cannot tell you—"

"But you must tell me," she passionately interrupted. "I will know. I have a right to know it, Lionel."

"When I say I cannot tell you, Sibylla, I mean that I cannot tell you with any certainty. I will tell you all I do know. Some one is in the neighborhood who bears a great resemblance to him. He is seen sometimes at night; and—and—I have other testimony that he has returned from Australia."

"What will be done if he comes here?"

Lionel was silent.

"Shall you fight him?"

"Fight him!" echoed Lionel. "No."

"You will give up Verner's Pride without a struggle? You will give up me! Then, are you a coward, Lionel Verner?"

"You know that I would give up neither willingly, Sibylla."

Grievously pained was his tone as he replied to her. She was meeting this as she did most other things—without sense or reason; not as a thinking, rational being. Her manner was loud, her emotion violent; but, deep and true, her grief was not. Depth of feeling, truth of nature, were qualities that never yet had place in Sibylla Verner. Not once, throughout all their married life, had Lionel been so painfully impressed with the fact as he was now.

"Am I to die for the want of that water?" she resumed. "If you don't get it for me I shall ring for the servants to bring it."

He opened the door again without a word. He knew quite well that she had thrown in that little shaft about ringing for the servants, because it would not be pleasant to him that the servants should intrude upon them then. Outside the door, about to knock at it, was Deborah West.

"I must go home," she whispered. "Mr. Verner, how sadly she is meeting this!"

The very thought that was in Lionel's heart. But, not to another would he cast a shade of reflection on his wife.

"It is a terrible thing for any one to meet," he answered. "I could have wished, Miss West, that you had not imparted it to her. Better that I should have done it, when it must have been done."

"I did it from a good motive," was the reply of Deborah, who was looking sadly downhearted, and had evidently been crying. "She ought to leave you until some certainty is arrived at."

"Nonsense! No," said Lionel. "I beg you—I beg you, Miss West, not to say anything more that can distress or disturb her. If the explosion comes, of course it must come; and we must all meet it as we best may, and see then what is best to be done."

"But it is not right that she should remain with you in this uncertainty," urged Deborah, who could be obstinate when she thought she had cause. "The world will not deem it to be right. You should remember this."

"I do not act to please the world. I am responsible to God and my conscience."

"Responsible to—? Good gracious, Mr. Verner!" returned Deborah, every line in her face expressing astonishment. "You call keeping her with you acting as a responsible man ought! If Sibylla's husband is living, you must put her away from your side."

"When the time shall come. Until then, my duty—as I judge it—is to keep her by my side; to shelter her from harm and annoyance, petty as well as great."

"You deem that your duty?"

"I do," he firmly answered. "My duty to her and to God."

Deborah shook her head and her hands.

"It ought not to be let go on," she said, moving nearer to the study door. "I shall urge the leaving you upon her."

Lionel calmly laid his hand upon the lock.

"Pardon me, Miss West. I cannot allow my wife to be subjected to it."

"But if she is not your wife?"

A streak of red came into his pale face.

"It has yet to be proved that she is not. Until that time shall come, Miss West, she is my wife, and I shall protect her as such."

"You will not let me see her?" asked Deborah, for his hand was not lifted from the handle.

"No. Not if your object be the motives you avow. Sleep a night upon it, Miss West, and see if you do not change your mode of thinking and come over to mine. Return here in the morning with words of love and comfort for her, and none will welcome you more sincerely than I."

"Answer me one thing, Mr. Verner. Do you believe in your heart that Frederick Massingbird is alive and has returned?"

"Unfortunately I have no resource but to believe it," he replied.

"Then, to your way of thinking, I can never come," returned Deborah in some agitation. "It is just sin, Mr. Verner, in the sight of Heaven."

"I think not," he quietly answered. "I am content to let Heaven judge me, and the motives that actuate me; a judgment more merciful than man's."

Deborah West, in her conscientious but severe rectitude, turned to the hall door and departed, her hands uplifted still. Lionel ordered Tynn to attend Miss West home. He then procured some water for his wife and carried it in, as he had previously carried in the wine.

A fruitless service. Sibylla rejected it. She wanted neither water nor anything else, were all the thanks Lionel received, querulously spoken. He laid the glass upon the table; and, sitting down by her side in all patience, he set himself to the work of soothing her, gently and lovingly as though she had been what she was showing herself—a wayward child.

(To be continued.)

## A SKATING SONG.

BY W. W. CALDWELL.

In azure deep the fair moon keeps  
Her royal court above;  
On every side, in silver pride,  
The stars attendant move.  
O'er fields of snow the keen winds blow,  
Sharply the ice-banks gleam;  
But nought care we, as merrily  
We skim the frozen stream.

In mystic dance, as we advance,  
The forest trees glide by,  
Like stately set in minuet,  
Beneath some princely eye.  
No murmur now from leafy bough,  
All silent as a dream,  
But nought care we, as merrily  
We skim the frozen stream.

With cheeks aglow the maidens go;  
How bright their dark eyes be!  
Each finds anear some cavalier,  
But Margery stays with me.  
Her gentle face and youthful grace  
To me unrivalled seem,  
As side by side we onward glide,  
And skim the frozen stream.

## A FEMALE BRAVE.

FIFTY or sixty years ago Ireland might be called the classic land of the duello, where men fought their way to eminence even in peaceable professions, and could only hope to retain it by the same unhesitating spirit. It is not so generally known, however, that this same recklessness was occasionally engendered in the bosoms of the fairer sex, partly, as it may be supposed, from the fact of hearing their male relatives speak of duelling as a matter of course, which no man either wished or hoped to avoid, and partly from the rollicking sort of life and imperfect education which at that period even females of the upper classes led and received. Faulty and to be deprecated, however, as this feeling might be, in one instance it had a fortunate termination, and procured for the Irish peerage one of its afterwards most brilliant and respected matrons.

The matter happened thus:

Near one of the principal western towns and seaports resided the respectable family of the B—s; and at the time we speak of their house was blessed with one fair daughter, and no more. Miss Christine B— was a belle, a beauty and the spoiled darling of a quiet, easy-tempered father and mother, who allowed her in everything to have her own way. She was a very lovely, high-spirited girl, rendered inordinately vain by admiration and parental indulgence, and so proud of her own peerless attractions as to fancy that no station or rank was too high for her to hope to reach. With such manifold means of conquest, of course she was surrounded by admirers wherever she went; and although now and then she condescended to give a certain amount of encouragement to some of them, still, when they pressed for a final answer it was always given in a way fatal to their hopes. Hence it was that after a season or two she had earned for herself the name of a heartless coquette, whose sole aim was to amuse herself at the expense of others. Her popularity did not diminish, however, as her respectability was undoubted and her social talents great, and, on the whole, she was regarded as one who possessed many good and amiable traits to counterbalance her more obvious and distasteful ones.

About this time there arrived on a sporting visit to one of her friends a young gentleman, who was both an "honorable" and a "M.P." He was the only son of a nobleman of great wealth and ancient title, and was perfectly alive to the value which these claims gave him to the consideration of others and to his own self-esteem. He was very young, not more than three-and-twenty, and looked to be even younger than he was, for he was slim, not tall, and with delicate features and particularly light hair. He was handsome enough to be admired by those who were influenced by his rank and expectations, and in his own esteem he was understood to have no superior.

Soon after his arrival in her neighborhood he was introduced to the fair Christine, and from that moment became her shadow. At first she avoided him and treated him coldly, speaking of him slightly, and ridiculing his pretensions to be considered as either a very agreeable or a very fortunate man; for in his looser moments he had spoken freely to his companions of his wonderful success as a lover, and of the many conquests he had made. Miss B— had heard from the sister of one of his male friends that he had even gone so far as to set her down as one of the list of the vanquished, and had laid a wager that before he left the country he would bring the universal conqueror to his feet—not with the idea of marrying, but of laughing at her. Strange to say, however,

the information thus given her as a warning had an effect on her contrary to that which it was expected it would. She kept her mind to herself, but from that time forward it was evident that she was gradually yielding to the fascinations of the Hon. George, and was unwittingly creeping within the treacherous folds with which he meant to envelope her. She rode out with him alone, talked to him in preference to others, dismissed partners in the ball-room to become his, sang when he asked her, and, in point of fact, appeared to be fast approaching to that stage of devotion to which it was his aim to bring her. When this had gone on for some weeks, he began to feel that he had sufficiently proved his power, and showed a wish to "draw off." His fair friend, however, either did not understand these recalcitrant symptoms, or did not wish to countenance them. Nevertheless, she took no umbrage at his new coldness, and still continued to seek his society and to claim his attentions as usual.

At length, as if wearied by her persevering affection—which no effort, almost no insult on his part apparently could diminish—he announced at a dinner-party at which they both were, that he was about to leave his western friends in a day or two. To this Miss B— made no demur, and offered no opposition; neither did her spirits flag, nor was she seen to drop a single tear, or spoil her beautiful brow by a frown. It was even remarked that her spirits on that evening were higher than usual, in proof of which she made a point of somewhat departing from feminine timidity, and showing her power in unaccustomed ways. For instance, greatly to the honorable George's annoyance (who thought himself the magnet of attraction), she followed the gentlemen into the billiard-room, with two or three of her young lady friends, and insisted on playing a game with him. She beat him, too; and this only added to his disgust. Tired of this amusement, the gentlemen proposed to adjourn to the shooting gallery, in order to determine a disputed point. Hither also Miss B— and her female friends persisted in following them, very much to the delight of every one but the Honorable George. Almost as they entered the gallery he ventured a reproach to her in an undertone, by saying that he had hardly expected to find her sympathizing in so very unfeminine a pursuit. This did not repress her ardor, and she answered lightly that it was evident he did not know either her habits or her tastes, or he would not have been astonished at anything she did. After saying which, she proceeded towards a rack where several pairs of pistols hung, and choosing one of them, whilst she handed him another—or, at least, offered it for his acceptance—she challenged him to shoot with her at the target which stood at the bottom of the room. This she did amidst the loud applause of her male friends, who saw nothing disreputable or unfeminine in her challenge. Her lover, however, still held back.

"I fear, Mr. H—," she said to him, "that you are only a carpet-knight, and that any conquest you will ever make will be in other fields than those of Mars. Come, take your pistol, and do not be afraid of so weak a foe as I am. I will wager this pretty brooch of mine against your brilliant, so that, whether I win or lose, you will still dwell in my remembrance for ever."

Goaded into compliance, he bowed at last, and said that even the whims of so fair an opponent must be humored.

The first shot was conceded to her, and she just missed the bull's eye, but touched its outward circle.

"I will do better the next time," she said quietly, handing her pistol to be reloaded, "as I see where my error lies. I ought to have done better, however; only, as papa says, my pistol-hand is a little rusty."

The Honorable George followed, but with a less steady aim. He was wide of the mark, and was laughed at for his failure by all but Miss B—.

"Nay, gentlefolks," she said, gaily, "do not blame him, for evidently his practice has been in drawing-rooms, not in shooting-galleries. Look, Mr. H—," she went on, addressing him; "you depressed your weapon a thought too low, and a point-blank aim, like a point-blank intention, is the surest way to escape disgrace. Watch me, and if you are wise take example by what I shall do."

This time she pierced the very heart of the mark, and that done she flung aside the weapon.

"Now I shall go and have my tea," she said, entwining the waist of one of her young friends caressingly; "and having conquered Mr. H— on two fields, on one evening, I have reason to be amply satisfied."

It was observed that during the remainder of the evening the Honorable George was much more respectful to her than he had been for a week before.

A day or two passed over, during which the Honorable George and Miss B— did not meet. It was understood, however, that he was about to leave the neighborhood on the next morning, and on the evening previous he was returning from paying a farewell visit to a family on the outskirts of the town, when, at a turn of the lonely road, he was met by Miss B— on horseback. He was about to pass her with a bow, when she turned her horse's head and rode beside him.

"You are about to leave us to-morrow, I understand, Mr. H—," she said at last, after waiting a minute or two for his address.

"I regret to say that I am compelled to do so," he replied.

"You will go away richer than you came, I hope?"

"Richer in friends, certainly," with a bow.

"And—in beta, too, or I am greatly misinformed," she said, gravely.

"I do not understand you, Miss—"

"I thought you would not, sir," she said, more seriously than before. "I do not wonder that you should study to forget what no honorable or upright man would like to remember. Answer me, if you please, and pray endeavor to go as straight to the

mark as I did the other evening. You sought my acquaintance, and you persisted in your advances when they were distasteful to me; dare you say why?"

"I—I admired you—as a friend."

"You followed me, sir," she went on, "and insisted on showering those attentions on me which, from a man to a woman, may be taken in either of two ways—that is, either as the vilest of insults or the greatest of compliments. Which of these was your meaning, Mr. H—?"

"Not as insults, certainly."

"I am glad to hear it, sir, for your own sake," she persevered. "Why, then, did you make a bet of a hundred pounds that you would conquer and bring me to your feet? Pray do not deny the fact, or you will force me to tell the gentleman with whom you made it that you have branded him as a liar by saying what was not the fact."

The Honorable George was dumb-founded.

"I am glad to see, sir, that you have prudence enough left to be silent," she said. "And now listen to me, Mr. H—, for your own creditable amusement, you have ventured to trifle with my feelings, careless whether my reputation should suffer or my peace of mind be gone. I have no brother to protect me from such unmanly attempts, nor would I ask him, even if I had, as I am quite able to protect myself. You owe me reparation for this inexcusable wrong, and I beg leave to tell you, calmly and dispassionately, that the debt must be paid, and that until it is so you shall not leave this neighborhood unpunished. What form it shall take, sir, I leave to your own heart and judgment to determine, but I solemnly warn you that no mode of escape open to you shall be available until my friends are well assured that I have no further reason to complain. Should I not have a full and satisfactory explanation to-night, I shall deal with you in another manner before you commence your journey to-morrow, and should you prefer a dastardly retreat in the dark to a more honorable course of proceeding, be assured, sir, that I shall find means to reach you, go where you will."

She turned her horse, broke into a gallop, and left her lover in amaze.

The course she took might have been a doubtful one with many, but she had accurately gauged her man, and knew the treatment necessary for his constitution. He went home, pondered deeply, and long before midnight Miss B— was favored with a repentant letter, in which was contained an offer of his hand.

## THE DEFENCES OF SAVANNAH.

OUR Special Artist has sent us several sketches of the various approaches to Savannah, which city the rebels instinctively consider as destined soon to feel the force of the Federal arms. The rebel ram Georgia was formerly the English steamer Fingal, and presents now quite a formidable appearance, the confederates having bestowed considerable pains upon her.

As our readers are doubtless aware, we hold Fort Pulaski and the mouth of the Savannah river, also the two channels on either side of Elba Island and St. Augustine's creek. At the junction of that creek with the river the rebels have erected some very substantial earthworks, mounted with heavy guns in barbette, and on a line with these, in Savannah river, is a row of piles firmly driven into the bed of the river and secured with chains.

It is very evident our gallant men will have a stout battle to fight when they attack Savannah.

## THE REBEL FINANCES.

MR. MENNINGER, the rebel Secretary of the Treasury has published his annual report. We epitomize the most important parts:

From the commencement of the permanent Government to the 31st of December, 1862, the receipts and expenditures were as follows:

RECEIPTS.	
Treasury Notes .....	\$215,554,885
Interest-bearing Notes .....	113,740,000
Call Loan Certificates .....	59,742,795
\$100,000,000 Loan .....	41,398,285
War Tax .....	16,664,513
All other sources .....	10,754,524
Total .....	\$457,855,704

EXPENDITURES.	
War Department .....	\$341,011,734
Navy Department .....	20,559,293
Civil, Miscellaneous, Foreign Intercourse and Customs .....	13,673,376
Interest on Public Debts (loans) .....	8,392,959
Payment of Treasury Notes (Act of March 9, 1861): Principal .....	\$545,900
Interest .....	20,800
Redemption of 6 per cent. Certificates .....	566,780
Redemption of Treasury Notes (called in for cancellation and reimbursement of principal, under Act of May 16, 1861) .....	11,516,400
Total Expenditure for Public Debt .....	23,751,172
Balance against the Treasury on 18th Feb., 1862 .....	41,727,322
Total .....	26,439,572

Amount of Expenditures .. \$443,411,307  
Balance .....

\$457,855,704

The balance consists in part of the coin on hand, received from the Bank of Louisiana, and the remainder in interest-bearing Treasury Notes.

## AMOUNT TO BE RAISED BY CONGRESS.

The appropriations made by Congress, and not yet drawn from the Treasury, amount to .....

Estimates for the support of Government to 1st of July, the end of the fiscal year (including \$342,977 for the War Department) .....

290,463,713

Total .....

Deduct balance in the Treasury .....

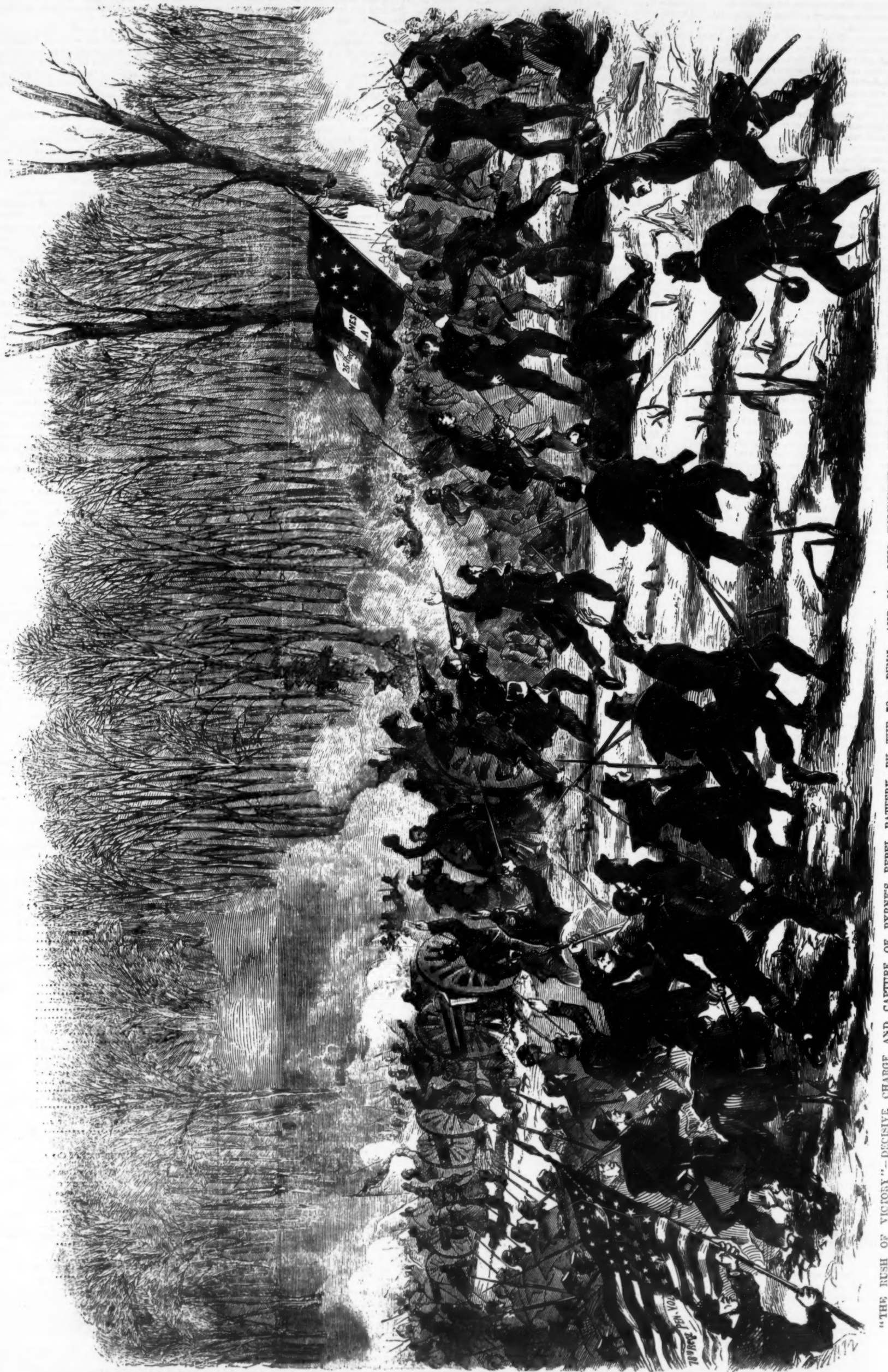
14,444,397

Leaving amount to be raised by Congress .. \$357,929,229

HUBBARD'S TIMEKEEPERS are becoming proverbial for their accuracy and reliability. They are particularly valuable to officers in the army and travel. An advertisement in another column will give our readers some valuable information concerning them.

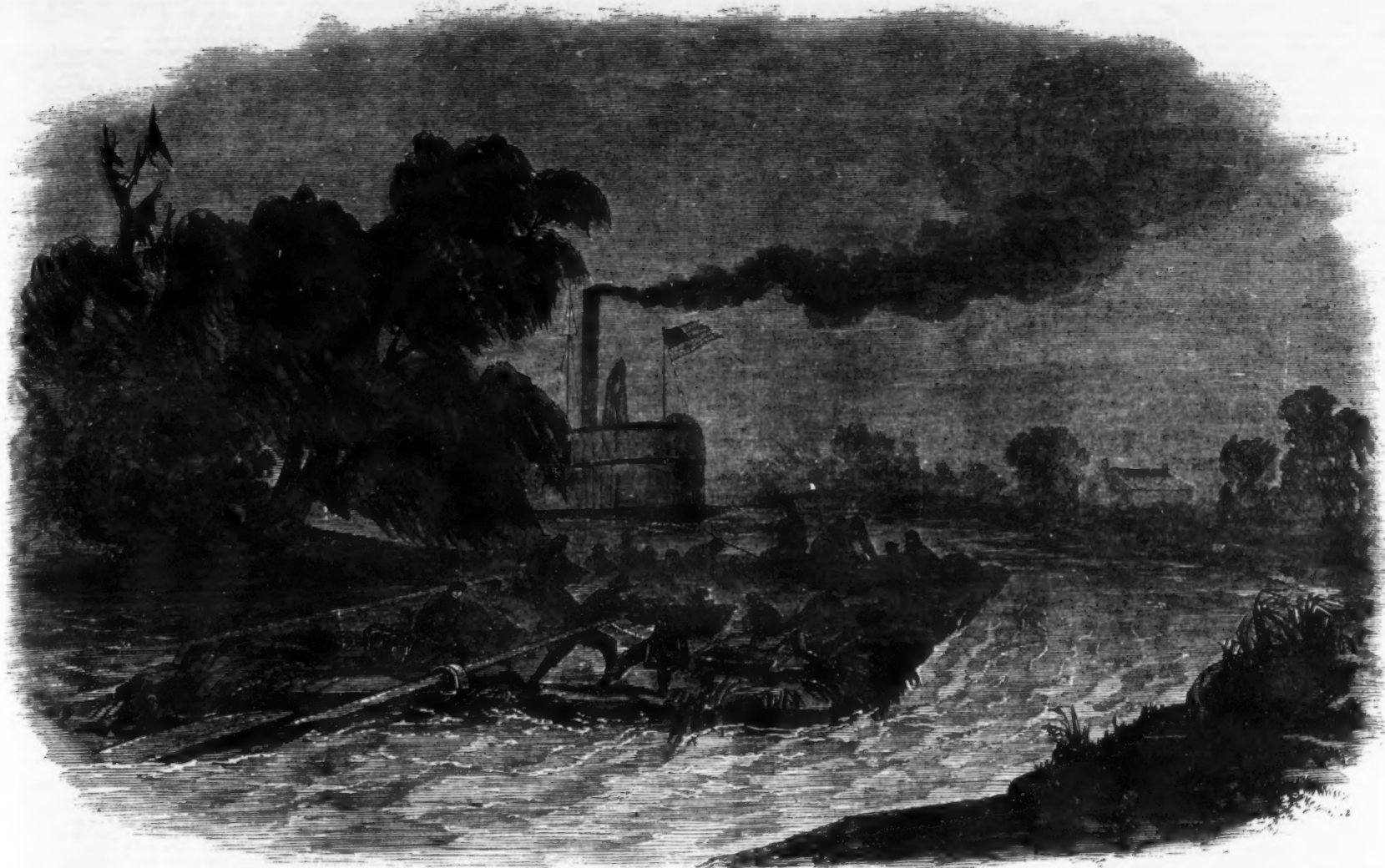
DEAN SWIFT, hearing of a carpenter falling through the scaffolding of a house which he was engaged in repairing, daily remarked that he had got through his work promptly.





"THE RUSH OF VICTORY"—DECISIVE CHARGE AND CAPTURE OF BYRNE'S REBEL BATTERY, BY THE 78th PENN., AND 21st OHIO VOLUNTEERS, FRIDAY EVENING, JANUARY 2.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.





THE WAR IN LOUISIANA—TOWING THE WOUNDED UNION SOLDIERS DOWN THE BAYOU ON A RAFT, ON THE NIGHT OF JANUARY 14, AFTER THE BATTLE OF BAYOU TROHE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

#### "THE RUSH OF VICTORY."

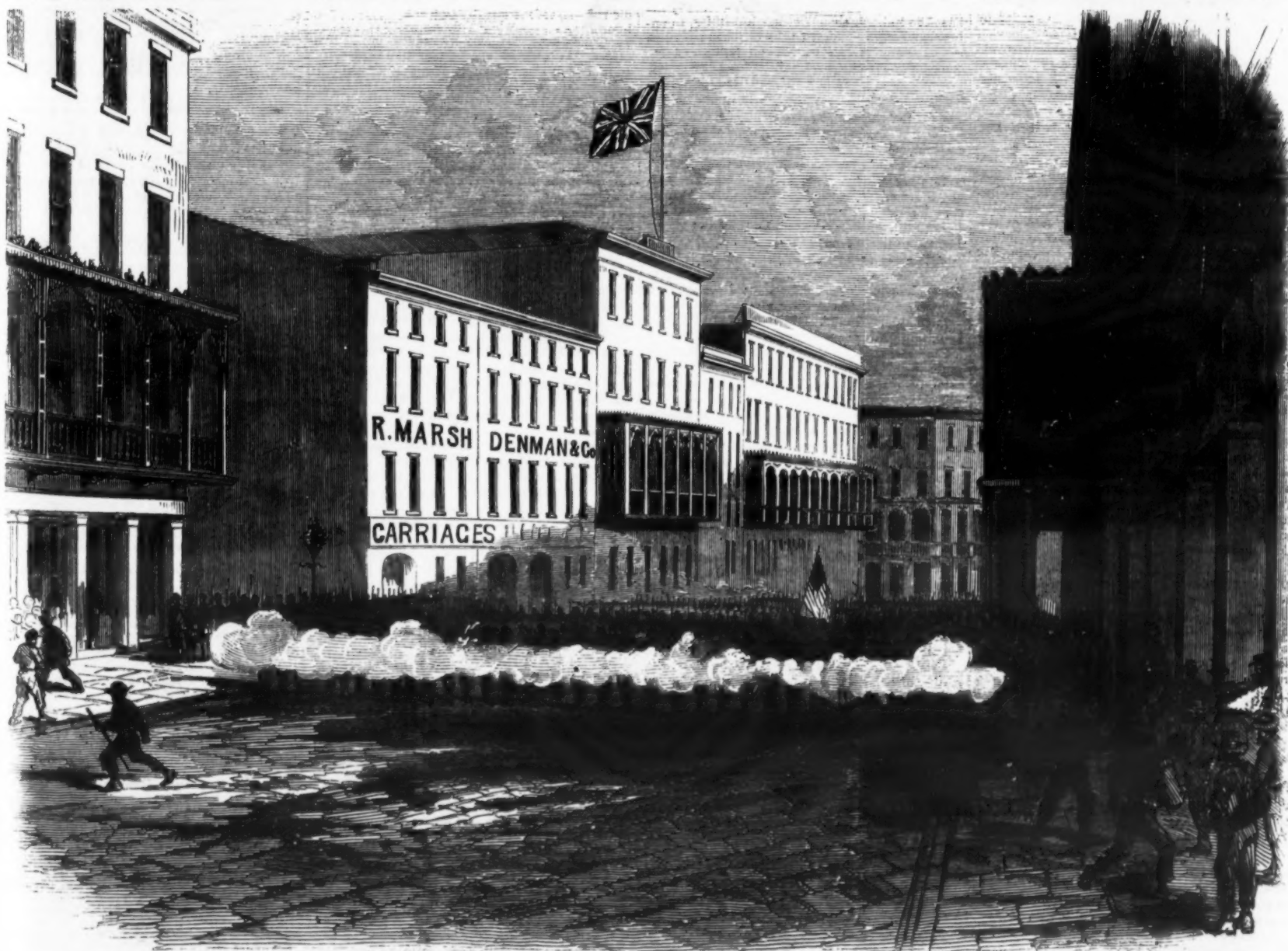
Our sketch on page 349, representing the final charge at the battle of Stone river, or as it is more generally called, Murfreesboro', is one of the most spirited pictures ever published. It well depicts the stirring scene it represents. Having already described the battle, we have now merely to explain our special sketch.

Our Artist says:

"The capture of Byrne's rebel battery was a most gallant achievement, and worthy of the finest troops in the world. This battery consisted of two 12-pound Napoleons, two howitzers and one six-pound rifled cannon. These were admirably served, and did considerable execution. Over it flaunted the colors of the 26th Tennessee and the standard of the 4th Florida regiments. It was

situated on a rising ground in a cornfield, while a forest at the back afforded an excellent retreat. After our troops, under Negley and others, had succeeded in crossing Stone river on Friday afternoon, and driven the enemy before them, a general rush was made to storm this battery, which still maintained its fire. The first regiments to reach this were the 78th Pennsylvania and 21st Ohio, under lead of Col. Miller, who, though wounded,

still kept the field, and acted throughout with a valor worthy the days of Washington. Up went our brave boys bayonet in hand to the very muzzle of the guns, which still belched death to the advancing line. The guns once reached the gunners were driven from them by our men, and the battery was our own. I must not forget to mention the valor of a little Tennessee drummer boy, who had thrown down his drum and taken a gun to



BOMB IN NEW ORLEANS—THE 26TH MASS. VOL., COL. FARR, PRACTISING STREET FIRING IN CARondelet STREET.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 350.



charge with our men. He was one of the first to reach the battery, and springing across one of the Napoleons, he remained astride it, waving his hat and cheering his comrades on. I have placed him in my picture, an honor he well deserves. The colors of the 26th Tennessee were captured after a desperate resistance, the rebel fighting for them till a desperate bayonet thrust through his arm compelled him to drop them."

### STREET SCENE IN NEW ORLEANS.

OUR Artist says in one of his latest letters: "I send you a very suggestive street scene, which took place the other day in Carondelet street, which was formerly the very heart of the business portion of New Orleans. It is near the corner of Gravier street, and only one block from the St. Charles Hotel. The white building in the centre, with the flag over it, is the British Consulate, once the centre of a busy scene, but now the headquarters of a solitude. The imposing warehouses, with their graceful verandas and piazzas, are now innocent of merchandise, and look in grim silence down on the green mouldy sidewalks, and the cold, dreary granite of the road. As though to give the evil-disposed population a glimpse of what they might expect if any treasonable rising were attempted, Col. Farr practised the other day his excellent regiment in street firing—not very pleasant music to rebel ears."

### TO-NIGHT.

To-night I lift a flowing glass,  
The wine shall touch my quivering lip,  
It shall not flow to drown the past—  
But on its spell I'll cling and sip,  
Or think within its shady hues  
A spirit laves in pearly light,  
And bids a joyous laugh to-night.

To-night I will remember all—  
All that is worth a kindly thought;  
The hours the wing of sorrow swept,  
The lessons that her broodings taught,  
Shall mingle in a glowing train,  
With gems so deeply, purely bright,  
I could not help but laugh to-night.

To-night no stranger hand shall clasp  
The fevered throbbings of my own,  
Nor pledge me in the brimming cup—  
I drink, and dream, and think alone.  
No friendly eye shall look in mine,  
Lest they might think the dimming sight  
Betrayed my will to laugh to-night.

Jan. 10, 1868.

W.

### ESTHER VALE.

BY HUBERT VERN.

ESTHER VALE was but little more than a child in years, but a woman's soul looked out from her clear gray eyes, and every line of her proud, sweet face expressed character and refinement. Her forehead was broad and low, and was shaded by short loose curls of glossy brown. Her complexion was "darkly delicate;" her form was lithe and slender, but well rounded; her step was like that of a young queen, and the proud lift of her head and her graceful movements greatly enhanced her beauty.

Her home was in the little village, or hamlet, of Warren, on the banks of the Chenango river; but beautiful as was the scenery around her cottage home, the place had grown distasteful to her. Her father had died in her infancy, and her mother had soon after married again—this time making an unfortunate connection; Mr. Winters being as selfish, obstinate and tyrannical as Mr. Vale had been generous and affectionate. Two children had resulted from this marriage, and left Esther but small room in her mother's heart. The girl had been carefully educated, however, from the money left by her father, her mother deciding that Esther must go for herself at as early an age as possible, and that teaching would be a very "genteel" occupation.

And so, when Esther Vale was seventeen, the time in which our story opens, she had finished her education—had surpassed in knowledge the teachers of the seminary in the neighboring town, and was ready to enter upon the task of supporting herself. The village of Warren boasted of but one school, and that was taught by an old pedagogue who had imparted to Esther the rudiments of her own education, and it would almost have been deemed sacrilege to displace him and his long birch rod to give place to a young girl. So there was no situation for Esther Vale in her native place.

One evening, in May, Esther put on her little white sunbonnet and strolled along the shore of the river, evidently absorbed in the discussion of some important question. The gray shadows were softly falling over hill and dale; the river rolled by with a musical song, and the spring air was laden with the perfume of the peach and apple-blossoms. The trees in the orchard a little way back from the river looked like spectres in the twilight, as they stood draped in pink and white. It was a scene that aroused all the desolation of her young soul.

She was suddenly startled by a footfall behind her, and the next moment she was joined by a young man, evidently a farmer's son, with a frank, boyish face, which looked even handsome in the deepening twilight.

"I've been at your house, Esther," he said, drawing her hand through his arm, "and your mother said you were walking along by the river; so you see I have overtaken you. What were you so busy thinking about that you didn't hear me?"

"I was thinking of my future," replied Esther, in a slow, sad tone. "I have made up my mind what I shall do. You know a great deal of our family affairs, Richard Verney, living as you do so very near us, and being so often at our house, and

will understand what I am going to say. I am in the way here," and her tone grew passionate; "I am one too many at home. My stepfather feels that I am a burden upon him and that I take what rightfully belongs to John and Lucy. Mother is wrapt up in her other children, and leaves me, her firstborn child, to feel lonely and desolate. I am going away, to be gone a long time, Richard. I am going to New York!"

Her tone grew firm and quiet as she announced her decision.

"You don't know what you say, Esther," said the young man quickly. "What can have put such an insane freak into your head? Think of yourself, so young, so innocent and so beautiful, exposed to all the dangers of a great city! Your mother would not allow you to go—and I, Esther, I couldn't let you go!"

The young man's voice trembled, and he held the girl's hand tightly as he continued—

"I love you, Esther. Will you be my wife?" Esther did not reply. Her manner sufficiently expressed her astonishment and surprise, but she did not find voice to speak.

"Oh, Esther! can it be that you do not love me? Ever since I first saw you, when you were a wee child, I have loved you, and for years I have looked forward to the time when I might ask you to be my wife! I can offer you a pleasant home, Esther. There ain't a nicer place in the country than the Verney Farm, and it belongs to me since my father's death. It would be the happiest day of my life could I install you as mistress in the home where I was born!"

"It may not be, Richard," said Esther, sadly. "I have always loved you with a sisterly affection, and have never thought that your love for me was other than brotherly. We could neither of us be happy in such a marriage."

The young man pleaded in vain. For a long time he drew such pictures of what her life might be as mistress of the Verney Farm and his own loved and honored wife, that the poor girl was tempted to accept the calm and peaceful life thus offered her, and trust to time to awaken feelings of wifely love and devotion. But the temptation soon vanished. Her own truthfulness and honesty of character triumphed, and she finally said,

"I do not love you enough, Richard, and cannot marry you. Do not ask me again, in pity to yourself and me?"

"Tell me why you don't love me," said Richard, in a husky voice. "What kind of a man could you love, Esther?"

Esther hesitated a moment before replying:

"I will tell you," she said at length. "I have not thought much of these things, Richard; but every girl expects at some period of her life to marry, and, of course, forms some idea of the man to whom she is willing to entrust her own happiness. I could not be happy in the humdrum life of a farmer's wife, and witness only a round of milking, churning and dairy work from my marriage until my death. I have no wish to displace a farmer's life, Richard, for they are the men who make the nation, but I am unfitted for it. My life has been so hard, so full of harsh realities, so unloved and unloving, that I have dreamed too much—made myself an ideal world and lived therein."

"And you would cast away my true and honest love for fashionable society, Esther?" exclaimed Verney. "You reject me in the hope of becoming a woman of the world."

"You mistake me, Richard. I have no taste for fashionable society. But I would marry a man whom I could feel was my superior, whether he were farmer or blacksmith, one who makes his mark in the world, is honored and respected for his talents and the use he makes of them. The man I marry must have power to make me love him as I can love—deeply, strongly, with my whole being. I want a refined atmosphere around my married life. My husband must have a cultivated taste for books and pictures, for I love them and I believe in unity of tastes between married people."

They had been walking up and down the river bank while Esther had told her lover how different her ideal was from himself, and they now paused while Richard replied:

"I understand you, Esther, and do not blame you for rejecting an awkward country boy, who has been too full of sports to improve his opportunities for learning. It's not too late yet; I am only twenty now, and if you are not married to some one else before I can claim you, you shall yet be my wife. Remember, Esther, I shall claim you yet!"

He pressed her to his heart, kissed her red lips passionately, and then, with a choking sob, he turned and walked away through the gloom.

Esther returned to her home, and went about her usual duties. The next day she heard that Richard Verney had gone to college.

The summer months wore away and were spent by Esther Vale in fruitless attempts to procure a situation as a teacher and in studying. Every day her stepfather made her feel more and more that she was a burden to them, and her weak, inefficient mother often anxiously inquired if she had heard of no situation yet that would do. Early in September, however, one of the teachers of the seminary where Esther had been educated obtained a situation in a New York school for herself and a position as junior teacher for Esther.

The young girl immediately entered upon her new duties, and in the active life to which she now accustomed herself she strove to forget the past. But in the evening hours, when she was alone in her own room for the night, she would remember with a keen pang the frank and boyish face of Richard Verney, and the strong and enduring love he bore her, and she wondered how he succeeded in his college life. She had not seen him in the summer, as he preferred to spend his vacation in the vicinity of the college and devote his time to study, for which he had suddenly shown great taste.

The years went on, and Esther Vale had matured into a glorious woman. Time had but increased her dark, bright beauty and given her additional graces. She had risen from the position of junior teacher to that of principal, and had no lack of suitors. But not one among them all came up to her ideal, and so she gradually relinquished all idea of ever marrying. She had heard of Richard Verney, that he had graduated with the highest honors from Yale College, and had thereafter watched his onward and upward course with a proud feeling of satisfaction. In the girlish days of long ago she had never dreamed that her awkward country lover possessed genius and the gift of eloquence, but her rejection of him had roused those dormant qualities and made of him a man worthy of the admiration so freely dealt out to him on every hand.

The rising fame of Richard Verney was a source of pleasure to Esther Vale, and after a while she began to question herself if she had done well to refuse him—if she would not have been happier with him.

It was ten years from the evening of their parting on the banks of the Chenango, and Esther Vale, attired as became her queenly beauty, was seated in the well-lighted parlor of her residence. Her pupils were in their own part of the house with the under teachers, and the mistress was alone. She had just been reading in one of the daily papers a speech recently delivered before a large audience by the Hon. Richard Verney, and now she was looking into the grate with a thoughtful face. The doorbell suddenly rung, and a moment after a servant brought to Miss Vale a card bearing the name of Richard Verney.

Esther's cheek flushed and paled as she read the name, and her voice faltered as she commanded the servant to admit the gentleman. To conceal her agitation she turned down the gas to a twilight, and awaited his entrance. The servant speedily ushered the visitor into the room, but to Esther's surprise a fairy-like being clung to his arm. Esther had never contemplated the possibility of her old lover's marrying, but now a keen pang shot through her heart as she thought that he had come to introduce his wife to her—his first love. As soon as the mist had cleared away from her vision, she saw a tall and handsome man regarding her with a puzzled expression. His face was bronzed and bearded, a graceful moustache and imperial lent dignity to his massive chin. His form was commanding, and altogether he was distinguished in appearance. His eyes were the same honest and truthful eyes that she so well remembered.

"Miss Vale," he said, bowing.

Esther bowed.

"I have brought my ward to you to be educated," he said, all unconscious that his voice and words set Esther's heart throbbing loudly; "she has been sadly neglected, and if you will take charge of her and make her as good a scholar as most of your pupils are, you will confer a great good. Her name is Minnie Lake. Her father was one of my dearest friends, and I am the guardian of his child!"

It was plain to Esther, from his manner, that he did not suspect her identity with the Esther he had known. As soon as she remembered that it was years since her mother died and that her stepfather had soon after removed from Warren, she readily understood the cause of his ignorance. She gracefully advanced and received her new pupil, soon placed her at her ease, learned that Mr. Verney had been recommended to her by the parents of one of her pupils, and finally led the girl to the apartment she was to occupy, and introduced her to a group of girls. She then returned to the parlor, with a heavy heart, for the interest manifested by Mr. Verney in his ward caused her to think that he was educating her for his own wife.

On entering the parlor she found that her guest had turned on the gas, and was contemplating the pictures that graced her walls with the eye of a connoisseur. He turned abruptly, at her entrance, and regarded her in silence. She stood full in the light of the chandelier, her short loose curls thrown back from her beautiful face, the color coming and going in her cheeks, her red lips parted, and her gray eyes lustrous with the excitement his coming had caused, and as he looked at her he gave a quick gasp, and exclaimed, as he opened his arms:

"Esther!"

Esther Vale sprang to his embrace, and he rained kisses and tears on her upturned face.

"Found at last!" he said. "I have looked for you a long time Esther. Have you waited for me?"

"I am Esther Vale still!" she whispered.

Esther Vale found in her old lover the ideal she had once pictured to him, and the following Christmas she closed her school, bade adieu to her attached pupils, and became the wife of the Hon. Richard Verney. And their love is none the less because they waited so long for each other.

### A SKATING STORY.

It was just twenty years ago yesterday, says Reid Jordan, that a party of us fellows went over to Bergen Creek, on a skating match. The day was colder than ten icebergs all smooth as glass, and we made up our minds to have a heap of fun. Bill Berry was the leader of the crowd. He was a tall six-footer, full of pluck, and the best skater in all creation. Give Bill Berry a pair of skates and smooth sailing, and he'd make the trip to Baffin's Bay and back again in 24 hours, only stopping long enough at Halifax to take a drink. Well, we got to the creek and fastened our skates on, and after taking a good horn from Joe Turner's flask started off in good style. Bill Berry taking the lead. As I was telling ye, it was a dogged cold day, and so we had to skate fast to keep the blood up. There was little airholes in the ice, and every now and then we would come near going into them. My skates got loose, and I tried to fasten 'em. Just as I had finished buckling the straps I saw something shooting along the ice like lightning. It was Bill Berry's head. He had been going it like greased electricity, and before he knew it he was into one of them airholes. The force was so great as to cut his head off against the sharp corners of the ice.

"It's all day with Bill Berry," said I.

"And all night, too," said Joe Turner.

Just as he had got these words out of his mouth,

and I looked at Bill's head, which had been going it on the ice, all at once it dropped into another hole. We ran to it, and I heard Bill Berry say:

"Quick, boys! quick! pull me out!"

I looked into the hole, and there, as I am a sinner, was Bill Berry's body, which had shot along under the ice, and met the head at a hole in the ice. It was so shocking cold, the lead had frozen fast to the body, and we pulled Billy out as good as new. He felt a little numb at first, but after skating awhile he felt as the rest of us, and laughed over the joke. We went home about dusk, all satisfied with the day's sport.

About 10 o'clock in the evening somebody knocked at the door and said I was wanted over to Bill Berry's. I put on my coat and went over. There lay Bill's body in one place and his head in another. His wife said that after he had come home from skating he sat down by the fire to warm himself, and while attempting to blow his nose he threw his head into the fireplace. The coroner was called that night, and the verdict of the jury was, "that Bill Berry came to his death by skating too fast."

### FACTS ABOUT FOOD.

The digestive power of the stomach may be cultivated to some extent. Gormandisers sometimes live for years free from dyspepsia, able to dispose of a large dinner daily, but there is less power left for the voluntary muscles, as they are comparatively sluggish, and less also for intellectual operations. For a period, sometimes of several years, the stomach bears this exertion, receiving an undue share of nervous influence, while the whole system, kept in a state of perpetual plethora, is exposed to apoplexy, or some form of acute disease, and is wearing out with a rapidity proportioned to the excess of stimulation and overcharging the organs. In some cases of this sort distant parts may suffer by sympathy, and sometimes give way before the stomach.

The Bedouins, says Ritson, are a most alert and military race, and yet it is an undoubted fact that the quantity of food usually consumed by the greatest part of them does not exceed six ounces a day. Six or seven dates soaked in melted butter serve a man a whole day, and he esteems himself happy when he can add a small quantity of coarse flour or a little ball of rice.

In 1779 an Englishman describes the Russian grenadiers as follows: "They are the finest body of men I ever saw. Not a man is under six feet high. Their allowance consists of eight pounds of black bread, four pounds of oil and one pound of salt per man, for eight days; and were you to see them, you would be convinced that they look as well as if they lived on roast beef and English porter." In 1864, when the Russians surprised the world by standing against the attack of the "Allies" on the bloody battle-field of Alma, were found dead Russians with their provisions in their knapsacks, and these provisions were "black bread crumbs in oil."

Dr. Hamlin, who has resided more than twenty years in Constantinople, tells us that he is quite familiar with the habits of the Turkish porters in that city, and that they eat bread made from flour scarcely bolted, fruits, curdled milk, of which they are very fond, rice cooked with some other vegetable, and about twice a week a little meat at dinner, which they eat soon after sunset. They never drink any sort of distilled or fermented liquor. Onions and garlic are largely consumed by the Turks. Dr. Hamlin knew a man who travelled extensively, and who lived upon the black bread and raw onions.

### SCRAPS OF HUMOR.

AN old rough clergyman once took for his text that passage of the Psalms, "I said in my haste all men are liars." Looking up, he said, "You said in your haste, David, did you? Well, if you had been here you might have said, 'after mature reflection.'"

"My dearest Maria," wrote a recently injured husband to his wife. She wrote back: "Dearest, let me correct either your grammar or your morals. You address me, 'My dearest Maria.' Am I to suppose you have other dear Marias?"

A LADY, well advanced in maidenhood, at her marriage, requested the choir to sing the hymn commencing:

"This is the way I long have sought,  
And mourned because I found it not."

ON a tombstone, in a churchyard, in a country town in England, is the following epitaph: "Erected to the memory of John Phillips, accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his brother."

A SCEPTIC thinks it very extraordinary that an ass once talked like a man. Isn't it still more extraordinary that thousands of men are continually talking like asses?

A FRENCHMAN, wishing to compliment a girl as a "little lamb," called her a "small mutton!"

OLD MAID: "What! nine months' old, and not walk yet! Why, when I was a baby I went alone even at six months!"

Young indignant mother (muttering to herself): "Humph! I guess you've been alone ever since!"

THAT was a triumphant appeal of a lover of antiquity, who, in arguing the superiority of old architecture over the new, said: "Where will you find any modern building that has lasted so long as the ancient?"

STUPID people should eat, but should not talk. Their mouths will do well enough as banks of deposit but not of issue.

AN apprentice, one day after dinner, deliberately stepped up to his master and asked him what he valued his services at per day.

"Why, about six cents," said his master.

"Well, then," said the boy, putting his hand into his pocket, and drawing out some coppers, "here's three cents; I'm off on a bender."

A GENTLEMAN observed to another that an officer in the army had left his house without paying his rent.

"Oh!" exclaimed Frank Matthews, "you mean the left-tenant."

A CORRESPONDENT sent in a piece of poetry to a newspaper with these words:

"The following lines were written more than 30 years ago, by one who has for many years slept in his grave merely for his own amusement."

"I THINK our church will last a good many years yet," said a deacon to his minister. "I see the sleepers are very sound."

MARRIAGES OF PRINCES OF WALES.—The marriage of a Prince of Wales is a very rare event in English history, and it is worth while to note these occasions. There have been, including the Black Prince and his present Royal Highness, 15 Princes of Wales; but of these only five married when they were in possession of this title, and one of this number was married abroad. First is Edward the Black Prince, who married with Joan of Kent. Second, Edward, son of Henry VI., with the Lady Ann Neville, daughter of the Earl of Warwick. This wedding was celebrated at Amboise in France. Third, the next bridegroom is Prince Arthur, son of Henry VII., but 15 years of age when, in 1501, he married Catherine of Aragon (who was afterwards married to her brother-in-law, King Henry VIII.). The son of George I., afterwards George II., married Caroline Wilhelmina, at the age of 23; but he was not then created Prince of Wales. Fourth, Frederick, eldest son of George II., married, at the age of 29, to the Princess Augusta, of Saxe-Coburg, in the Royal Chapel of St. James's. And, fifth, the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV.



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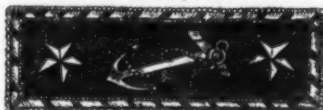
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